MONEY TRAIN

BY

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FADE IN

TWO KID'S FACES

fill up the screen. They belong to DAVID KAYLOR, seven, white, wild hair, dirty cheeks and JOHNNY FREEMAN, black, smiling, a few years older. Kaylor's terrified:

KAYLOR
Please don't make me do this...

FREEMAN
If you wanna be strong, you gotta do like I say. Think about that little train. One that goes, I think I can, I think I can. Say it, man.

KAYLOR
I think I can...I think I can... I think I can...

Kaylor keeps on repeating those words. Voice gradually overtaken by a dull rumble. Growing in intensity. Coming closer. Where in the hell are these kids?

KAYLOR (Cont'd)
I think I can. I think I can!

Pulling back. We can see more of them now. Jesus Christ. Look at them. Two small boys. Clinging to a bridge. Suspended in blue sky. Hanging over some tracks. Approaching them at high speed is

A TRAIN

Moving very fast. Beyond the train, the towers of Manhattan. Noise is deafening. The train thunders beneath the bridge. As it does, both kids scream. Jumping

ON THE TRAIN

hitting the roof. Hanging on. Struggling for balance. It's very hot. Extremely loud. Here's Kaylor now. On his shaky legs. Climbing to a surfer's stance:

KAYLOR
Oh, jeez...Oh, jeez...

FREEMAN
(shouting back)
Put your fist up in the air! Punch the wind! That's what makes you strong!

Kaylor raises his fist. Surfing on the train. Ripping past blurred buildings. Choked graffiti. Teeming residential streets. A tree battling for life in cracked concrete.

FREEMAN (Cont'd)
Hang on, man. Here come the Dead Man's Curve!

Train is slowing down. Banking into a curve. Big one. Freeman leaning with it. Howling like a banshee. To his left the Atlantic. On a bed of diamonds. Off to the right

A GRAVEYARD

stretches to the horizon. All those people. Once walked the earth. Laid out now. Like goddam sardines. Above the wind, Freeman screaming:

FREEMAN (Cont'd)
Just before this mother stops, grab the railing and go over the roof!

Kaylor nods. Reaching for a railing. It's just outside a platform. He's unpracticed. Head slams into the iron. Hard. Freeman grabbing him now. Dragging him onto

A PYLON

Kaylor's seeing stars. Nose bleeding. No idea where he's at. Gulping for air. The train stops. Really angry voice from below:

VOICE (OS)
Goddam kids get off of there!

Kaylor and Freeman bolt. Clambering across the pylon. Just like monkeys. More cursing from below. Kids giggling. Negotiating a rail. Crawling onto

THE ROOF

Rising high above the street. Spectacular view. Kaylor and Freeman. Slipping and sliding. Laughing and scared. Scrambling over the roof. Dropping now. Ten feet to

A WOODEN BALCONY

Behind them, a door. Ahead, a steep bank of stairs. The kids hit the stairs. Screaming and tumbling. Door bursts open. Here comes a Transit Cop. Overweight. In pursuit. Both kids laugh. Running to

THE STREET

Disappearing like dots. Into a roiling mass of pedestrians, derelicts and blaring traffic. Brooklyn. Transit Cop chasing them. Frustrated. Giving up now.

CUT TO:

A HEADSTONE

in the graveyard we saw. Elevated subway tracks in the distance. No rolling green lawns here. Forget that. This is big city stuff. All concrete and shattered dreams.

FREEMAN AND KAYLOR

rocketing into view. Lungs bursting. Dripping with sweat. Kaylor's nose still bleeding. He collapses by the stone. Freeman toppling beside him. Exhausted:

FREEMAN
(beat)
You're bleeding, man.

KAYLOR
Just my nose.

FREEMAN
Yeah? You look like a vampire or something. C'mere.

Freeman's got a handkerchief. Cleaning Kaylor's face. Kaylor grinning. These kids love each other. Now something catches Kaylor's eye.

ANOTHER TRAIN

Lumbering along the tracks. Negotiating Dead Man's Curve. Looks different. Only three cars. All bright yellow. Kaylor pointing at it:

KAYLOR
What's that?

FREEMAN
(turning)
That, my man, is the Money Train. Collects all the bucks from token booths. Heavy gold in that train.

KAYLOR
We should rob it.

FREEMAN
You are one crazy white boy. They got cops in there and about a million guns.

KAYLOR
Bet you fifty cents we could take it.

FREEMAN
You tell me how. I'll give you fifty cents.

KAYLOR
(giggling)
You're funny.

Freeman smiling. Pocketing his handkerchief. Both boys. Breathing slower. Even in this moribund place. At this age. Life is green. Rife with promise. Kaylor sighs.

FREEMAN
What's a matter?
(silence)
Come on, man. No secrets.

KAYLOR
My dad left and I don't think he's coming back.

FREEMAN
Jeez. Why didn't you say something?
(no answer)
Your mom's gone too, right?

KAYLOR
She died last Christmas. Why would he just leave me, Johnny? Why would he do that?

FREEMAN
I don't know. What're you gonna do?
(beat)
You could come and live with me. Be my little brother.

KAYLOR
What would your momma say?

FREEMAN
Hey, momma's cool. Just lemme do all the talking.

KAYLOR
I could be your little brother?

FREEMAN
You got it, David. Don't you worry. I'll take care of you. What do you think?

KAYLOR
You take care of me?

Freeman will. Gladly. Shakes on it. A solemn promise is made. Now Freeman. Finding a pack of Juicy Fruit. Offering a stick to Kaylor:

KAYLOR (Cont'd)
That stuff rots your teeth.

FREEMAN
Get outta here! This is good for you, man. Kills all them white corpuscles swimming in your blood.

KAYLOR
(giggling)
You always make me laugh. No matter what. You can always make me laugh.

Freeman pulls a face. Kaylor cracks up. Takes the gum. Unwrapping it. Popping it in his mouth. Freeman unwrapping his. We push in on his Juicy Fruit. Closer still. And

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

A STICK OF JUICY FRUIT

in Freeman's hand. Years later. Pulling back now. Revealing Freeman in a subway ramp. Three in the morning. Leaning on a pillar. In overcoat and gloves. Cold as hell.

SUPER: FIFTEEN YEARS LATER

Bowels of Manhattan. Spooky sounds. Fragments of human voices. Mixing with sudden mechanical clatter. Signs pointing out trains and locations. Stairs to levels below. Late-nighters wandering about. Around a corner, out of Freeman's sight

A DRUNK

Clings to a rail. Head down. Pedestrians passing. Paying no mind. Drunk has a gold chain. Wearing a Rolex. Got "rob me" written all over him. Far end of the ramp. Wall's being reconstructed. Concealing a dark room.

IN THE ROOM

Two shadows. Staring out at the ramp. Undercover Transit Cops. Working the Decoy Unit. OFFICER DEBBIE TURNER. Stunning black fox in her twenties. SERGEANT CHRIS O'RILEY. Sitting beside her. O'Riley in his fifties. Heavy Brooklyn accent. Built like a Mack truck. Debbie on a handset:

DEBBIE
(into handset)
Detective Freeman? Can you hear me?

INTERCUT Debbie in the concealed room and Freeman on the ramp. Freeman reaching into his coat. Fumbling with a handset. Wacky people milling around. Freeman whispering:

FREEMAN
What do you want?

DEBBIE
I think some of that...thick... black...Bass ale would do the trick.

FREEMAN
(smiling)
You think so?

DEBBIE
Hold on. We got a nibble.

ON THE RAMP

Freeman hears an ominous sound. Some kinda boom box. Around the corner. Out of Freeman's sight. Drunk loses his balance. Almost goes down. Jesus. Here come

THREE BLACK GUYS

Bombing down the ramp. Radio thundering. Passing the Drunk now. The biggest one, BUS STOP. Size of a linebacker. Stopping. Staring at the Drunk:

BUS STOP
What's a matter witch you, man? You fucking sick or what?

BLACK #1
Man, fuck that guy.

BUS STOP
Fuck this guy? You want me to fuck this guy?
(re: Drunk)
Maybe I'm gonna rob this motherfucker.

BLACK #1
What if he's a cop? Subway cops is always running them decoy scams. I seen it on TV.

BUS STOP
(approaching Drunk)
You a decoy cop, man? Is that what you is?

IN THE ROOM

O'Riley on his feet. Standing beside Debbie. Both of them staring at the ramp. Debbie on the handset. Breath condensing. Biting cold:

DEBBIE
Be advised, John. Three male blacks. Levi's and tennis shoes. One in a Laker's jacket.

ON THE RAMP

Freeman leans against the pillar. Listening to his handset. Can't see what's happening behind him. Commuters wander by. Freeman whispers into his headset:

FREEMAN
Just tell me when to move. I can't see a thing.

AROUND THE CORNER

Bus Stop. Circling the Drunk now. Being careful. A paranoid guy. His two friends. Glancing around. Drunk losing his balance. Bus Stop grabbing the guy's arm. Real hard.

BUS STOP
Hey, dickhead. I'm asking you a question. You a cop?
(louder)
What the fuck are you, man?

The Drunk. Losing his balance. Bus Stop grins. Convinced now. No cop in the world is this pathetic. First he steals the necklace. Then goes to work on the Rolex.

IN THE ROOM

O'Riley. Staring out at the ramp. Bus Stop is blocking his view. Breath condensing around O'Riley's face. Debbie beside him. Nervous. O'Riley whispers:

O'RILEY
Did he take the chain?

DEBBIE
I can't see, dammit. The mope's in the way.

O'RILEY
Let's move.

DEBBIE
One more second. If we bust him too soon, we got no case.

ON THE RAMP

Freeman's getting agitated. Feeling helpless. Boom box is driving him nuts. Still working the handset in his jacket. Freeman whispering:

FREEMAN
(into handset)
Debbie...what do you want me to do?

DEBBIE (ON HANDSET, OS)
Hold your position, John.

AROUND THE CORNER

Bus Stop has the Rolex. Now he's emptying the Drunk's pockets. Boom box making angry lyrics. Ghetto angst. Grand larceny. Up close and savage. Oh, boy.

BLACK #1
Let's get the fuck outta here.

BUS STOP
Your momma.
(searching)
This fool is a gold mine.

IN THE ROOM

Debbie. Staring at the ramp. Can't see if anything's been stolen. All she can see is Bus Stop's oversized back. O'Riley hissing:

O'RILEY
I gotta stop this. If he finds David's piece, we're in deep shit.

ON THE RAMP

Bus Stop searches the Drunk. Finding something metal in the guy's belt. Freezing. Drunk is very sober now. Grabbing Bus Stop's arm. The two men struggle. Bus Stop pulls a big Glock-nine from a holster in the Drunk's back. Amazed. What

the fuck is this? Drunk raising his hands. It's David Kaylor. All growed up. Worried as hell:

KAYLOR
Wait a minute --

BUS STOP
(pointing gun)
Don't move!

DEBBIE AND O'RILEY

charging out of the room now. Guns drawn. Bus Stop spotting them. Scared. This was not part of the plan. Here's O'Riley. Trying to calm the black kid:

O'RILEY
Put the weapon down, son.

BUS STOP
Stay where you are, motherfucker.

DEBBIE
You don't want to do this.

BUS STOP
Shut up!

AROUND THE CORNER

Freeman moving. Inching toward the action. Pistol drawn. Pressed to the wall. He hears voices. Bus Stop has no idea he's there. Debbie sees him. From the corner of her eye:

DEBBIE
(to Bus Stop)
Put the weapon down, brother.
Use your head.

BUS STOP
I ain't your goddam brother!

BLACK #1
What the fuck we gonna do?

BUS STOP
I told you to shut up!

ON THE RAMP

Pedestrians coming. Spotting the gun. Getting out of there. Bus Stop really scared now. Hands shaking. Keeping the pistol on Kaylor. Kaylor staring down the bore:

KAYLOR
Think about it, man. Don't let this get away from you. No reason to be scared.

BUS STOP
(voice cracking)
I ain't scared of you.

Kaylor holds his breath. More late-night commuters coming. Son-of-a-bitch. There's Freeman's shadow. Falling across the ramp. Black #1 spots it. Yelling at Bus Stop:

BLACK #1
Look out!

Bus Stop goes berserk. Starts shooting at Debbie and O'Riley. Jesus it's loud. Flame leaps from the barrel. Six inches at least. Big concussion. Enclosed space. Awesome. Lead ricochets off walls. Ceiling and floor. Pedestrians screaming now. People hitting the ground. Bus Stop and his friends. In motion. Howling. Sprinting for a stairway. Passing Freeman. Facedown on the icy concrete. Bus Stop squeezes off two more rounds. Noise is ear-splitting.

Freeman slamming into the wall. Covering his head. 9mm slugs shatter tile by his face. Freeman shouting. Hunting for cover. Ain't any. Now Debbie and O'Riley. Trying to get Bus Stop and his pals in their sights. Impossible. Goddam bystanders in the way. Bus Stop and company. Moving at Mach II. Disappearing down the stairs.

Freeman on the ground. Wondering if he's been hit. Checking himself. Jesus Christ. Here comes Kaylor. Taking off after Bus Stop. Freeman shouting at Kaylor:

FREEMAN
David, wait!

KAYLOR
Fucker's got my gun!

ON THE STAIRS

Bus Stop and his friends. Completely crazed. Racing down. Taking four steps at a time. Heading for a lower level. Hurling people out of their way. Wild-eyed. Some guy in a fatigue jacket. Knocked senseless.

BLACK #1
This is nuts, man. All we did was steal a chain!

BUS STOP
Keep moving!

Bus Stop glances over his shoulder. Spotting Kaylor. Top of the stairs. Shoots. Kaylor hitting the dirt. Glock is so fucking loud. Lead bouncing everywhere. Guy in the fatigue jacket. Hit in the leg. Goes down screaming.

TOP OF THE STAIRS

Kaylor sprawled on concrete. Digging in his boot. Coming up with a snub-nosed 38. Crawling to the guy in the fatigue jacket. Checking his wound. Guy's gonna live. Kaylor glancing back. Spotting O'Riley, Debbie and Freeman. Running in his direction. Kaylor gets up. Charging down the stairs.

ON THE STAIRS

Two flights below. Bus Stop and his pals. Breathing hard. Still going down. Slamming anyone in their path. Sending them to the next dimension. Completely gone now. No plan at all. Running on fear alone. Far below them

ON THE BOTTOM LEVEL

Couple dozen people. Waiting on a platform. Watching for a train. Oblivious to the drama above. Two sets of tracks. Two tunnels. Northbound and southbound. From the southbound

THE MONEY TRAIN

appears. Pulling into the station. Stopping. Looks the same as years ago. Old style cab. Three yellow cars. No windows. Except on the caboose. It's covered with steel wire. Brakes squeal. Door opens. Here comes

SLOAN

Money Train Security Officer. Special black uniform. Sets him apart from regular Transit Cops. Sloan stepping onto the platform. Carrying a Heckler-nine mill. Great big machine pistol. Looks left and right. Brief glimpse of the Money Train interior. Inside is completely refurbished. Fucking high tech, shining-steel cocoon in there.

Sloan is joined by two guards. JONES and O'BRIEN. Revenue Officers. Making a money pickup. Got no idea what's happening on the levels above them.

ON THE STAIRS

Kaylor running. Still pursuing Bus Stop. Relentless. Getting closer. People screaming one level down. Kaylor very determined. Madness in his eyes.

TWO LEVELS ABOVE

Freeman, Debbie and O'Riley hit the top of the stairs. Guns drawn. Debbie kneeling by the wounded guy. O'Riley following Freeman down the stairs. Shouting back at Debbie:

O'RILEY
Call an ambulance. And get some goddam backup!

ON THE PLATFORM

at the bottom level. Money Train doors slam shut. Sloan, Jones and O'Brien move away from the train. Sloan in the lead. Heading for a ramp. Way up ahead of him.

ON THE RAMP

Bus Stop and his friends. Leaving the stairs. Running down the ramp. Flat out. Heading for the platform. Commuters see the gun. The Glock in Bus Stop's hands. Get out of his way. Somebody screams. Bus Stop glances over his shoulder. Spots Kaylor. Firing again. Glock booms. More screams.

ON THE PLATFORM

Sloan stops dead. Hearing shots from the ramp. Now he's dropping to one knee. Acting like some kinda hotdog. Sloan turning. Shouting at Jones and O'Brien:

SLOAN
Back inside! Move!

Jones and O'Brien race back to the train. Screaming at the engineer. Doors open. They rabbit inside. Doors close. Now Sloan. Pointing his pistol at the ramp. Waiting.

ON THE RAMP

Bus Stop and his partners. Sprinting for the platform. Kaylor right behind. People scattering. Kaylor gaining. Freeman and O'Riley are way back there. Just arriving at the bottom of the stairs.

ON THE PLATFORM

Sloan on one knee. Two-handing his Heckler. Seeing three black guys. Here they come. Charging out of the ramp. Heading this way. One waving a pistol. Sloan bellows:

SLOAN
Freeze!

ON THE RAMP

Bus Stop and his pals. Lungs bursting. Concerned about the cop behind them. Spotting Sloan in front. Couldn't stop if

they wanted too. Running hard. Bus Stop fires at Sloan. Not thinking at all.

ON THE PLATFORM

Lead rips into the ground at Sloan's feet. Sloan returns fire. His Heckler can do fifteen hundred rounds a minute. Sucker's wide open. Horrible sound. Spent cartridges in the air. Like swarming bees.

ON THE RAMP

Bus Stop's friends. Both hit. Black #1 dead before he falls. Black #2 taking a little longer. Couple more commuters go down. Lead caroming off the walls. A fucking madhouse.

Here comes Bus Stop. Unscathed. Screaming. Charging through that hail of lead. Kaylor behind him. Diving for cover. Nine millimeter slugs. Zooming in confined space.

ON THE PLATFORM

Sloan reloads. Retreating now. Closer to the train. Bus Stop still coming. Whatever mind he had. It's completely gone. Charging round the rear of the train. Look at Bus Stop. Leaping from the platform. Disappearing like a bullet. Into the northbound tunnel.

ON THE RAMP

Kaylor running again. Only dimly aware of Freeman and O'Riley behind him. Seeing Sloan. Crouched by the train. Cocked and loaded. Pointing his weapon. Jesus and the saints. Bastard's gonna shoot. Kaylor digging for his shield.

ON THE PLATFORM

Sloan spots Kaylor. Racing in his direction. Sees the .38 in Kaylor's hand. Sloan fires again. Big noise. Slugs shatter concrete. Inches from Kaylor's head. Kaylor waving his badge:

KAYLOR
I'm a cop! I'm a cop!

Sloan stops. Kaylor rockets past him. Cursing. Running down the length of the train now. He's heading for the northbound tunnel.

ON THE RAMP

Freeman and O'Riley stop. Watching Kaylor. Seeing him chase Bus Stop into that tunnel. Carnage all around them. Old woman moans. O'Riley can't believe it. Jesus. There goes Freeman. Taking off down the ramp. Heading for the platform.

O'RILEY
Where are you going?

FREEMAN
(over his shoulder)
David's in there.

O'RILEY
There's a train coming for Chrissake!

FREEMAN
Call RTO Command. Tell them to stop the train.

O'RILEY
Stay where you are, Johnny!

FREEMAN
No fucking way.

O'Riley watches Freeman. On the platform now. Sprinting around the train. Leaping onto the tracks. Vanishing in the tunnel. Shit. O'Riley drags a mobile phone from his pocket. Punching numbers. Sloan moving closer. About to speak:

O'RILEY
(to Sloan)
Stay the fuck away from me!

Sloan stops. O'Riley holding the mobile to his ear. Glancing around. Three civilians down. Vultures gathering. Attracted by the noise. Looking for blood. O'Riley sees their faces. Their dead eyes and fish belly skin.

CUT TO:

BILL KOWALSKI

fifties, RTO supervisor. Anal retentive. Kowalski. Crouched at a console with SAL PROVOLONE. Twenties, zoftig. Eager trainee in RTO Command. Both seated at one of many consoles. In a large room. On the wall, an enormous map. THE BIG BOARD. Replete with multi-colored lights. They detail train activity on New York's subway system.

KOWALSKI
(re: board)
So you see, all trains are color coordinated. And each train is equipped with a fail-safe system. So we can stop it if there's an emergency.

(MORE)

KOWALSKI (Cont'd)
(pointing)
The position of the light will tell you exactly where the train is and what direction it's moving.

PROVOLONE
(pointing)
So, that blue light's the G train and it's moving south?

KOWALSKI
(pleased)
Next call comes in, you take it, trainee Provolone.

PROVOLONE
Think I'm ready?

KOWALSKI
Hey. Would I shit a guy who is named after a hunk of cheese?

Kowalski grins. Provolone don't. Speaker on the console rings. Provolone hitting a switch. Eyeing the speaker. His first call. Good luck.

INTERCUT Kowalski and Provolone in RTO Command and an extremely agitated O'Riley. O'Riley at the devastated 42nd Street ramp. Shouting in his mobile:

O'RILEY
This is Sergeant Chris O'Riley. Badge number one-three-six. Decoy Unit Two. Who is this?

PROVOLONE
Uh...this is...

KOWALSKI
Let me take this one, son.
(leaning forward)
This is RTO Command. What can we do for you, Sergeant?

O'RILEY
We have an emergency here. Shots fired. I have two police officers in pursuit. They just entered the northbound tunnel at the 42nd Street Station. F line. Bottom level. I want all trains in that tunnel stopped. Now!

KOWALSKI
(glancing at big board)
I show a Money Train standing at the 42nd street platform. What --

O'RILEY
Forget about that goddam train, you son-of-a-bitch. You gotta stop traffic in the northbound tunnel. My men --

KOWALSKI
Thank you, Sergeant!

Kowalski hangs up. Extremely cranked now. Moving fast. Picking up another phone. Dialing it. Raising his voice. Bellowing at Provolone:

KOWALSKI (Cont'd)
Get the Money Train's motorman on the radio. I want a status report.
(pointing)
The call numbers are there on the board. Do it!

Provolone goes to work. Kowalski finished dialing. Holding his phone very tight. Getting ready. White knuckle time in RTO Command.

CUT TO:

TROY WINGATE

Transit Authority bureaucrat, fifties. Asleep in his great big bed. Wife curled up beside him. Phone by the bed is ringing. Wingate glancing at a clock. Picking up the phone:

WINGATE
It's three-thirty in the morning, goddammit.
(sitting up)
Shots fired? No. Do not stop any other trains. Not until we know what's going on. Yes, I'll go down there myself!

CUT TO:

O'RILEY

on the 42nd Street platform. Furious. Re-dialing his phone. A dozen uniformed Transit Cops in the background. Controlling a burgeoning crowd. Sloan moving closer:

SLOAN
That kid shot at me. I thought it was a robbery --

O'RILEY
Stay the fuck away from me, you trigger-happy prick.

DEBBIE
(pushing through the crowd)
You get through?

O'RILEY
(works phone)
Disconnected --

O'Riley listens. Hears a busy signal. Overcome with frustration. Hurling his phone at the wall. Fucker explodes. Sloan flinches. Now Debbie. She's staring at O'Riley:

DEBBIE
Jesus. They're not gonna stop the trains, are they?

O'RILEY
(shouting)
I don't know, goddammit!

DEBBIE
(eyeing tunnel)
Oh, my God.

CUT TO:

FREEMAN

running in the tunnel. Pausing every few seconds to listen. Very gloomy down here. Occasional bulbs. Eerie shadows. Sweating concrete. Freeman's adrenalin is pumping. Breath mushrooming from his mouth.

Every thirty yards, he passes a shallow alcove. No more than six inches deep. Hewn from glistening rock. Freeman stopping suddenly. Staring up the tracks. They turn to the right. He's racked with cold. Feeling way out on a limb. Cupping his hands now. Shouting:

FREEMAN
David?

CUT TO:

KAYLOR

farther up the tracks. Running full tilt. Skidding to a

stop. Seeing a vast underground maintenance room. Dimly lit by work lights. He peers round floor to ceiling pilings. Spotting some subway cars. Work benches. Kaylor sprints between the pilings. Entering

THE MAINTENANCE ROOM

Two-fisting his snubby. Trying to cover himself. Then all hell breaks loose. Gunfire from one of the cars. Slugs rip into wood. Inches from Kaylor's head. He returns fire. Diving behind some rotting two-by-fours. Burrowing in the dirt. Like a fucking badger.

CUT TO:

FREEMAN

lurching to a stop in the tunnel. Listening to the booming echo ahead. Gunfire. Jesus Christ. Freeman starts to run. Balls to the wind. Picking up speed. Bellowing:

FREEMAN
David! Where are you?

Abruptly, he stops. Something's wrong. What? He stares fixedly at the bend in the tracks. Listening. Straining to hear. Then, horrified, he sees

A TRAIN

rocketing round the bend. Like the hounds of hell. Headlight blinds Freeman. Rooting him to the spot. But only for a second. He turns. Racing back the way he came. Stumbling on the tracks. Screaming bloody murder. Voice disappears. Noise from the train. It's like fucking Hiroshima.

Freeman running hard now. He'll never make it. Matter of seconds. Crushed like a bug. The train. Looming larger. A howling behemoth. Rising up. Freeman trips. Panicking. Glancing back. Almost on him. At the last second. Freeman scrambles off the tracks. Squeezing into one of the alcoves. Gonna be close. Please God.

Freeman waits. Eyes on stalks. Here's the train. Blitzing past. Ear-splitting noise. Inches between his face and the cars. Roaring by in a blaze. Freeman can't breathe. Suddenly it's over. He's still alive. Heart racing. Watching that train disappear.

FREEMAN (Cont'd)
Jesus, God.

CUT TO:

KAYLOR

in the maintenance room. Creeping past a work bench. Approaching a subway car. Nerve-ends sparkling. Sprinting to the rear of the car. Peering round a corner. Doors are open. Moving cautiously. Dropping to one knee. Rolling

INSIDE THE CAR

Careening across the aisle. Slamming into metal legs on a seat. Scrambling upright. Two-fisting the 38. Back to the rear. Then forward. Empty. Freezing cold. Spotting 9mm casings on the floor. Makes his fucking skin crawl. Feeling exposed. Ducking low. Charging back outside. Into

THE MAINTENANCE ROOM

Expecting a bullet any second. Zigzagging past the platform. Crouching in the shadows. Hiding behind a work bench. Thinking. Heart thumping. Unseen in the dark behind him

BUS STOP

watches Kaylor's back. He's a fucking wreck. Brain's completely fried. Hands are frozen. Guy's got very little left to work with. Inching through the shadows now. Halting five feet from Kaylor. Bus Stop. Raising the Glock:

BUS STOP
Drop it!
(Kaylor does)
Turn around.
(Kaylor does)
Lookit me, man. Lookit what you done to me. And all I ever did was steal your goddam watch. Now you're gonna die!

Bus Stop's gonna squeeze the trigger. Never makes it. Here comes a two-by-four. Out of nowhere. Slamming into his arm. Crushing bone. Bus Stop screams. Arm broken. Dropping the pistol. Staggering backwards.

FREEMAN

steps into the light. Wild-eyed. Hands bleeding. Slacks ripped. He's a mess. Best fucking thing Kaylor's seen in a world of time. Freeman's face. Unearthly:

FREEMAN
(to Bus Stop)
You know who's gonna die?

BUS STOP
You broke my fucking arm, man.

KAYLOR
Guess who's gonna die?

Freeman steps forward. Coming unglued. Brandishing the two-by-four. Kaylor grabs Freeman. The two men struggle. This is weird. Bus Stop falls on his butt. Kaylor shouts:

KAYLOR (Cont'd)
Stop it, Johnny! You got him for God's sake.
(Freeman, finally relaxing)
Jesus Christ, man. What's the matter with you?

FREEMAN
He was gonna whack you David... He was...

KAYLOR
But he didn't, man. You got him. Now chill the fuck out.

FREEMAN
(a beat)
What did you say?

KAYLOR
I said chill, dammit.

FREEMAN
Chill?
(blinking)
You telling me to chill?

KAYLOR
Right.
(beat)
That's what I'm saying.

FREEMAN
(droll)
Well, I don't know, man. But that sounds to me like the pot calling the fucking kettle white.

Kaylor frowns. Freeman grins. Kaylor chuckles. Starts to laugh. So does Freeman. Very soon, they're both howling. Bus Stop on his back. Watching them:

BUS STOP
What's the matter witch you fucking people?

KAYLOR
(re: Freeman)
Well, you see...this guy always makes me laugh. You know what I'm saying? He's really funny. That's all.
(hysterical)
You're under arrest, dipshit. You have the right to remain silent.
(choking)
You have the right...

DISSOLVE TO:

WINGATE

moving through a crowd. 42nd Street platform. Cops everywhere. Barricades. Paramedics attend the wounded. Coroner's guys. Taking pictures of what used to be Bus Stop's pals. Two TA INTERNAL AFFAIRS COPS. Talking to Debbie.

Wingate moving. Past O'Riley, Freeman and Kaylor. Spotting Sloan over by the Money Train. Wingate heading for Sloan. We stay with O'Riley, Freeman and Kaylor:

KAYLOR
What I wanna know is why you and Debbie let that bastard find my gun? Why didn't you stop it?

O'RILEY
The mope was blocking our view.

FREEMAN
That's the dumbest thing I ever heard. The whole point of the Decoy Unit is to --

O'RILEY
I ain't talking to you, Detective Freeman. Was I talking to you?
(louder)
Did you fucking hear me say anything to you?

FREEMAN
No, sir.

O'RILEY
I ordered you not to go into that tunnel. When I tell you to do something, I want it done.
(MORE)

O'RILEY (CONT'D)
(seething)
Do either of you guys understand the smallest part of what I'm saying?
(to Kaylor)
Do you?

KAYLOR
(long beat)
Yes, dear.

O'Riley blinks. Startled. Freeman studies his shoes. Trying not to smile. O'Riley shakes his head. Kaylor is definitely out there:

O'RILEY
Yes, dear? Is that what you said?

KAYLOR
Yes, dear.

O'Riley shoves a cigarette in his mouth. Digging for a light. What he really wants to do is laugh. Can't. This is serious. Oh, shit. Here comes some fucking guy in a suit:

WINGATE
Which one's Sergeant O'Riley?

O'RILEY
Who wants to know?

WINGATE
Troy Wingate, Assistant Chief Transportation Officer, Revenue Division.
(re: Money Train)
That train is under my direct command. In my opinion, the guard was well within his authority when --

FREEMAN
He damn near blew my partner's head off.

WINGATE
Who are you?

KAYLOR
He's the guy almost crushed by the train you wouldn't stop.

O'RILEY
Lemme handle this.

WINGATE
(to Kaylor)
I don't like your attitude.

KAYLOR
Oh, jeez. I'm all broken up here. My feelings are really bruised, man.

FREEMAN
I think he might need some serious psychological counseling. What do you think, Sarge?

WINGATE
(to O'Riley)
I want these two men's name and shield numbers.

Before O'Riley can reply, the Internal Affairs guys appear. Popping up like pieces of burnt toast. They got note pads and real sour looking faces:

INTERNAL AFFAIRS #1
Freeman and Kaylor? Internal Affairs. Can you step over here for a minute?

O'RILEY
(to Kaylor)
You heard the man. Move it. Both of you.

FREEMAN AND KAYLOR
Yes, dear.

They leave. Seconds pass. Flashbulb goes off. O'Riley glares at Wingate. He's smiling but his eyes are like lasers. Who is this fucking guy?

WINGATE
Listen to me, Sergeant. The security of that train is extremely important to the Transit Authority.

O'RILEY
Yeah? What about human beings? You got any feelings about them?

WINGATE
(softly)
I'm only going to say this once you stupid Mick. So listen carefully. OK?
(MORE)

WINGATE (Cont'd)
If you value your pension. You will do exactly as I say. Understand?

O'Riley glances away. He understands. Sloan leans on the Money Train. He's got nothing to worry about. Not now. Fucking Wingate's here.

CUT TO:

SANTA CLAUS

in a perfect store window. Waving at a perfect white mannequin family. Inside a perfect white living room. Right in front of a perfect, plastic tree. Here come

KAYLOR AND FREEMAN

climbing up to the street. Leaving the subway entrance. Walking to a corner. Waiting for a light to change. Almost dawn. Spotting the mechanical Santa, Kaylor frowns:

KAYLOR
Fucking Internal Affairs. They're gonna do exactly what that supervisor says.

FREEMAN
Probably.

KAYLOR
I'm in need of liquid backup.

FREEMAN
The Blue Note is closed.

KAYLOR
I know a place, man. Never closes.

FREEMAN
Look, David. I gotta get some rack time.

KAYLOR
One drink.

FREEMAN
No such thing with you.

KAYLOR
I'll bet you ten bucks I can have one drink and walk away.

FREEMAN
You think I'll take that bet? How you gonna lose?

KAYLOR
Hey, partner. I'm all pumped up here. I got adrenalin in my fucking shoelaces. What am I gonna do, sleep?

FREEMAN
(after a beat)
What the hell...

CUT TO:

EMPTY BEER BOTTLES

a forest of them. Beside four shot glasses. On a table in a seedy after hours joint. Smoke heavy air. Music on a juke. Serious drinkers scattered around in here. Kaylor tossing tequila. Freeman nursing a beer.

KAYLOR
You took my last ten. Next round's on you.

FREEMAN
I can't have no hangover tomorrow, man.

KAYLOR
(hiccup)
Yeah...I know. Black man gotta claw his way up out of the ghetto. Cut himself a slice of the big American pie.

FREEMAN
Who lives in a ghetto? I don't live in no ghetto. You see me living in a goddam ghetto? What the hell's the matter with you? Are you actually trying to fuck yourself up?

KAYLOR
Goddammit, Johnny. I don't wanna take this test tomorrow. I'm happy where I'm at.

FREEMAN
How can you be happy doing this shit? Living like a mole down under the ground?
(beat)
Look. You gotta do like I did. Take the damn test. If you get a halfway decent score, take it again --

KAYLOR
Just like you're gonna do. The only problem is, I don't wanna be a fucking sergeant.

FREEMAN
I worry about you, little brother. You got no big picture dreams.

KAYLOR
Sure I do. I just don't wanna be a sergeant. You can't wait, though. Hell, you already picked out a house to buy.

FREEMAN
I'm looking at one. Looking at a house isn't the same as picking it out.

KAYLOR
Yeah? Tell momma that. I bet she's already got change of address cards filled out. Am I right?

FREEMAN
You know momma.

Silence now. Two tables away. A skinny old drunk starts to cough. Old dude's working on some serious emphysema:

FREEMAN (Cont'd)
You see the money in that train tonight? Musta been a couple hundred G's in there.

KAYLOR
Twenty bucks says there was at least a million.

FREEMAN
You don't got twenty bucks.
(beat)
You wanna try and do ten yards?

KAYLOR
OK. But for twenty bucks.
(raising hands)
I'll owe you if I lose.

Freeman shakes his head. Kaylor grins. Some kind of ritual is gonna take place here. Together they clear the table. Freeman's working an angle:

FREEMAN
I'll be the train.

KAYLOR
Yeah, right. Take advantage of me when I been shot at.

FREEMAN
It's my turn to be the train, man. You can be the train next time.
(moving shot glasses)
OK. Here come the Money Train. Your ball. First and ten. How you gonna get me?

KAYLOR
Where are you?

FREEMAN
Downtown.

KAYLOR
(improvising)
Alright. I'm gonna create a diversion. Low speed rail failure at South Ferry. RTO sends all available personnel down there to deal with it.

FREEMAN
Hey, man. You should get shot at more often.
(Kaylor grins)
I'll give you five yards. Second down. Now, what?

KAYLOR
What you mean, now what? We boost the train.

FREEMAN
Wait a minute! How you gonna stop me? And how you gonna get the money off the train? What about the cops on the cars? I smell twenty bucks. You wanna punt or what?

KAYLOR
I don't wanna punt. Who says I have to punt?

FREEMAN
I think you better punt, man.

KAYLOR
There's ways to get in those cars.

FREEMAN
Sure there is. We could dynamite the fucker and waste everybody inside. But the rules of this game is nobody dies, nobody makes us and we go back to work the next morning with nobody wiser.

KAYLOR
I know the rules. I been playing this game with you for fifteen years. You don't gotta tell me no rules. I actually have a mind of my own. Did that ever occur to you?
(rising)
Jesus Christ. I punt, man. You win. I owe you twenty bucks. Let's get the hell outta here. It's fucking depressing.

CUT TO:

FREEMAN AND KAYLOR

walking together. Down a city street. Minutes later. Real cold. Passing parked cars. Homeless people in doorways. Trying to keep warm. Kaylor thinking out loud:

KAYLOR
You know, there's gonna be a rate hike on New Year's Day. Cost more. Everybody will buy as many tokens as they can at the old prices. Hoard 'em.
(no answer)
Try and guess how much the old Money Train will be carting around on New Year's Eve? Go on, guess.

FREEMAN
(walking)
I don't know. I never thought about it.

KAYLOR
Lemme put it this way. Transit Authority anticipates so much volume, they're gonna run two Money Trains stead of one. Each train probably carry about twenty million scoots.

FREEMAN
Get outta here. Twenty million? Twenty fucking million?
(Kaylor nods)
Jesus. What we could do with that. Twenty million. Man, we could go to Bermuda or something.

They stop beside an old red Toyota. Freeman finds some keys. Getting in behind the wheel. Opening the door for Kaylor.

CUT TO:

THE TOYOTA

driving east on the 21st Street Queens Bridge. Early morning traffic. Waxen sky. Familiar Manhattan skyline. Ablaze with lazy, amber light.

IN THE TOYOTA

Freeman driving. Still a mess from his near miss with the train. Kaylor staring out the window:

KAYLOR
I wonder where my old man is right now? If he's even still alive.

FREEMAN
What you worrying about him for?

KAYLOR
I don't know. Remember when we surfed the trains and punched holes in the wind?

FREEMAN
Yeah. I was thinking about that just tonight.

KAYLOR
You and your momma are the only real family I ever had.

FREEMAN
Bullshit, man. You got a wife and two kids.

KAYLOR
I got a shitload of responsibility is what I got. Like a ten ton ball and chain.

Freeman glances at Kaylor. Turns the wheel. Dude is going

all moody on him again. Freeman wants to lighten his load. Thinks it may be his mission in life:

FREEMAN
You guys were gonna see a counselor. Did you go?

KAYLOR
What's some counselor gonna tell me I don't already know? Ask me how I feel about snakes for shit's sake?
(long beat)
I never wanted to get married. Remember the night I met Maria? I never even wanted to dance with her. But you kept pushing me.

FREEMAN
Poor baby.

KAYLOR
Yeah, well, I only danced with her cause you made me do it. What's some counselor gonna say about that?

Kaylor leaning his head back now. Closing his eyes. Freeman frustrated. Turning the wheel again. Gritting his teeth. Merry goddam Christmas.

CUT TO:

A BRICK DUPLEX

on a tree-lined street in Queens. Christmas lights in the window. Morning sun blistering dirty snow. Toyota lurches to a stop. Right behind a station wagon. Here come

KAYLOR AND FREEMAN

piling out. Heading for the duplex now. Sidewalk is ice. Kaylor almost goes down. Freeman taking his arm. Glancing up at the door. Got a frigging holly wreath on it.

CUT TO:

MARIA KAYLOR

mid-twenties, David's wife. She's Puerto Rican. Real sensual in skirt and blouse. Running a blender in her kitchen. At a table gobbling breakfast. AMANDA, five; JOHNNY, seven. Somewhere in the house a door slams. Amanda jumps from her chair. Dropping her spoon. Racing from the room. Shrieking delightedly:

AMANDA
Daddy's home!

Maria dumps juice in a glass. Kaylor and Freeman pop up in the door. Kaylor carrying Amanda. Glances at Maria. Kaylor spots Johnny at the table:

KAYLOR
How you doing, kid?

JOHNNY
I'm cool.

KAYLOR
You look cool.
(to Freeman)
Don't Johnny look cool?

FREEMAN
Too cool. I need my shades just to stare at the guy. How you think he got so cool?

JOHNNY
Uncle John?

FREEMAN
What?

JOHNNY
Don't wanna mess with me.

FREEMAN
No?

JOHNNY
No way. Just don't mess with me.

FREEMAN
And why is that?

JOHNNY
Cause I am so cool.

Johnny getting up now. Executing a complex handshake with Freeman. Amanda wants a kiss. Freeman gives it up. Both kids adore him. Maria standing by Kaylor. Glancing at him:

MARIA
You been drinking.

KAYLOR
(to Freeman)
I'm gonna shower and get a couple hours sleep.

FREEMAN
We gotta be there by three o'clock. I'll pick you up at two.

KAYLOR
I'll catch a train. You need the rack time.
(to Maria)
We're taking a test today. There's only one job and Johnny's real nervous.

FREEMAN
You can't be late for this thing, man. They won't wait.
(Kaylor leaves)
Have you got the address?

No answer. The kids take off. Maria smiles at Freeman. Eyeing Freeman's torn clothes:

MARIA
What happened to you?

FREEMAN
I fell down.

MARIA
Fell down, huh? You OK?
(he nods)
What kind of test?

FREEMAN
It's...for a sergeant's position. More pay. Better benefits.

MARIA
He never told me.

She turns away. Going to the sink. Washing the blender. Freeman watching. Great looking lady. She puts the blender down. Turning back to him:

MARIA (Cont'd)
What kind of husband doesn't tell his wife stuff like that?

FREEMAN
Don't be too hard on him. It just came up --

MARIA
You always defend him, don't you? Doesn't that get kind of exhausting?

FREEMAN
Maybe if you and he could just talk about --

MARIA
He won't do that, John. I used to yell at him sometimes. I'd beg him to talk. Now when I try, he drinks. So I just keep my mouth shut.
(thinking)
Jesus Christ. Look at me. I'm Puerto Rican for Chrissake. I'm supposed to be hot-blooded.
(beat)
And you know what? All I feel is numb. How's a person supposed to be hot-blooded and numb at the same time?
(beat)
Nutty question, huh? I don't know what's the matter with me. Maybe it's the season. I read in a magazine someplace, people go crazy at Christmas.

FREEMAN
Yeah. I think I read that article. Citizens checking into Bellevue by the truckloads. Thinking they was reindeer.

She's smiling now. Not a big smile. But she's not a happy woman. Freeman leans on the counter. Watching her. Maria washing dishes.

CUT TO:

KAYLOR

on the sidewalk outside a high school. Later that day. Freezing his butt off. Walking in place. Lotta traffic. All these goofy people stuck in cars. Honking their horns. Hating each other. Fucking Brooklyn. Here comes

FREEMAN AND CHARLIE PURNEL

through the big doors on the front of the high school. Purnel, late-twenties, black, skinny as a rail and an old friend of Freeman's. Spotting Kaylor. Coming over now.

FREEMAN
Hey, David. You remember Charlie Purnel. From the old days.

KAYLOR
Hey, Charlie. How you doing?

PURNEL
I was taking another test. Bumped into Johnny. Did I ever tell you he saved my life?

FREEMAN
(to Kaylor)
Charlie exaggerates. He's working the signal tower in Times Square.

KAYLOR
How is that?

PURNEL
It sucks, man. I got to get out of there.
(to Freeman)
Listen. I gotta run. Call me some time. I mean it.

Freeman nods. Purnel taking off now. Heading down the street. Kaylor joining Freeman. Walking the other way. Moving in tandem.

KAYLOR
Fuck. It's cold, man.

FREEMAN
You finished real fast.

KAYLOR
Look. I did what you said. I took the test and tried hard as I could. I'm just glad it's over. Now maybe we can have some fun again. OK?
(walking)
How about you?

FREEMAN
I did good. The written part was easy. Just like last time. But that oral stuff. Man, it's like going to the dentist.

KAYLOR
You aced the thing. How many bedrooms in that house you gonna buy?

FREEMAN
C'mon, man. Eighteen guys took that test.

KAYLOR
Yeah, I talked to those guys. None of them got your seniority or your brains. Not to mention your real neat personality.

FREEMAN
Well, we'll find out in a couple of days.

KAYLOR
Where'd you park the car?

FREEMAN
Not far.

KAYLOR
I hope not. Cause I'm freezing to death. And I forgot to bring my brass monkey.

Kaylor and Freeman. Bundled against the cold. Rounding a corner. Heading down the street. Hearing a terrible crash. Glass breaking. That familiar sickening metal crunch. Freeman stops. Kaylor squints. Spotting

A BREAD TRUCK

halfway up the hood of a Pontiac Firebird. Big wreck. Firebird's horn's stuck. Awful racket. Truck driver. Arms like trees. Climbing out of his cab now. Ready to kill. Little guy. Crawling out of that Firebird. Pedestrians gathering around. Smelling trouble. Shouting instructions. Half a block away. Kaylor turns to Freeman:

KAYLOR
That twenty bucks I owe you? Double or nothing says, if there's a beef, the little guy in the Firebird knocks that truck driver flat on his heinie.

FREEMAN
Stupid bet, man. That truck driver is two times bigger.

KAYLOR
Wanna bet or not?

FREEMAN
Hey, I'll take your money.

They join the crowd. Moving closer. More shouting. Here's the truck driver. Very pissed. Screaming at the little dude. Calling him names. Threatening to rip his face off. Little guy seems scared. In a corner.

Truck driver pulls a roundhouse. Little guy ducks. Hitting the driver in the belly. One clean shot. Extremely impressive.

Truck driver folds. Wind knocked out. Dropping to his knees. Kaylor grinning. Turning to Freeman. Real deadpan. Holding out his hand. Freeman disgusted. Coming up with the forty.

FREEMAN (Cont'd)
I smell a fucking rat.

KAYLOR
(loving it)
Check out the license plate on the Firebird, man.

Freeman does. Eyes getting big. Shaking his head. He's been had. That goddam Kaylor. This is war. License plate on the Firebird says: BLK BELT 1.

CUT TO:

SHIRLEY JEANNE

mid-twenties. Big woman. Lugging two sandwiches in The Blue Note. Jazz club. Food and drinks. Mostly black. Open for lunch. Late-afternoon customers. Kaylor and Freeman in a booth. They come here a lot. Shirley Jeanne dropping the sandwiches on red formica. Freeman glancing up:

SHIRLEY JEANNE
Two burgers. Well done. Lemme ask you something. You gonna be here New Years? Cause we're gonna have a big raffle.

KAYLOR
Shirley Jeanne, we been coming here every New Years for, what? Six years? You always have a raffle. Why you asking him that?

SHIRLEY JEANNE
(to Freeman)
Well, I was wondering how come you never gave me a kiss. You're supposed to kiss people on New Years.
(seductive)
Ain't you?

Freeman grins. Shirley Jeanne got his attention now. Look at her. Walking away. Taking her time. Tight little skirt. Lotta woman in there. Kaylor shaking his head:

KAYLOR
Shirley Jeanne is a woman could turn my lights on.

FREEMAN
You're married.

KAYLOR
Gotta remind me, huh?

FREEMAN
You know that forty bucks you just took from me?

KAYLOR
What about it?

FREEMAN
Double or nothing says I can do ten yards. Right now.

KAYLOR
My turn to be the train?
(Freeman nods)
You're on, man.

Freeman clearing the table. Kaylor grabbing the catsup bottle. Feeling so confident. Moving it right along. About to speak. Freeman jumping in at him. Real sneaky like:

FREEMAN
Before you say anything, let me tell you where you are. You're way downtown. I'm gonna create a diversion. Low speed rail failure at South Ferry. All the cops run down there --

KAYLOR
Hey. That's my idea.

FREEMAN
No rule says I can't use it. You did the same thing to me about two years ago. Remember? Five yard gain. Second down.

KAYLOR
(peeved)
Go ahead, man. Take your stupid five yards. But lookit here. I'm still moving. How you gonna stop me?

FREEMAN
Gonna run you off on a sidetrack.

Kaylor glances up from the catsup. Stunned. Where did that come from? Freeman enjoying himself. Living large. Chewing on a fry. Now Kaylor. Eyes narrowing:

KAYLOR
You been thinking about this? You have, haven't you? Just laying in the weeds and waiting. Try and sucker me, right?
(Freeman grins)
But you still have to get inside the cars. They got reinforced steel walls, buddy.

FREEMAN
No I don't. Those cars have air-ducts in the top. I drop something inside and the guards come running out. Then I disable them. That's a first down. Gimme my money back.

KAYLOR
I can't do that. Oh, you're very cute. But, in all good conscience, I can only give you four yards. You still have one yard to go. Wanna know why?
(Freeman frowns)
Because you got a sidetracked train. You got the money. But how you gonna get away with it? Carry it on your back? Twenty million takes up a whole lot of space. You didn't think about that, did you? Better punt, man.

FREEMAN
Lemme think about it.

KAYLOR
No way. You know the rules. Unless you can tell me how to move that much money, without getting caught, right now, you owe me eighty bucks.

Freeman's thinking hard. Can't work it out. Kaylor sticks out his hand again. Same old deadpan. Shit. Freeman gives up. Digging in his pocket. Finding some money. Handing Kaylor some. Looking for more. Building a pile of wrinkled bills on the table. Here's his goddam car keys.

KAYLOR (Cont'd)
I kinda cleaned you out today, huh?

FREEMAN
I'm thirty-five shy, man. I'll have to owe you.

KAYLOR
(chuckling)
You're gonna make me laugh again.

FREEMAN
Yeah? What's so funny?

KAYLOR
You are. Shit, you oughta see your face.
(laughing)
You're really funny.

Kaylor cackles. Freeman stares at him. Glancing at the remaining bills now. Damned pathetic little pile. Kaylor's got a point. It is kinda humorous.

KAYLOR (Cont'd)
(choking)
You're busted, man.

FREEMAN
Yeah? Well it's good to make you laugh again. Even if it's cause you stole my money. I'll get it back. This is all part of a big plan I have.
(trying not to laugh)
Come on. We're late.
(leaving bills)
Why don't you let me get this?

Kaylor laughing harder now. Freeman starting to laugh too. The two of them. Heading for the door. Passing by Shirley Jeanne:

SHIRLEY JEANNE
So, am I gonna see you guys New Years? Cause we're having this big raffle.

CUT TO:

O'RILEY

in Decoy Command with a clipboard. Behind him, two sergeant's offices and desks. Lockers on one wall. Cluttered poster boards. Tables and chairs. Listening to O'Riley, Debbie sits with Detectives HECTOR GONZALES, twenty-six, muscular; LONNIE TYLER, twenty-three, tall and PAN WONG, Chinese, in shirt and tie. Freeman and Kaylor off to the side. O'Riley doing his sergeant thing:

O'RILEY
OK. Lissen up. You may be contacted by the press on last night's shooting. If you are, no mention of the Money Train.
(groans)
Knock it off! TA doesn't want that train talked about in public. Now, tonight they want us to run a trap in Brooklyn.
(more groans)
I know it's a drag. But they've had three token booth robberies in the last two months at this station. Maybe we'll get lucky.
(beat)
We'll take two cars. Hector and I will work the men's room. David, you're inside the booth. John, you and Debbie cover the north street exit. Lonnie and Pan will take the south.
(turning)
We change over at nine o'clock. I want everybody wearing vests. Get moving.

Detectives in motion. Ragging on each other. Pulling on bulletproof vests. Here comes O'Riley. Approaching Kaylor and Freeman:

O'RILEY (Cont'd)
How'd you guys do on that test?

KAYLOR
(re: Freeman)
He aced it.

FREEMAN
You finished way before I did.

KAYLOR
C'mon, man. Get real.

O'RILEY
You guys are transferred back to Unit One. You're both on days next week.

KAYLOR
Why?

O'RILEY
You don't ask questions like that in this job. You just do what they tell you.
(beat)
I want to talk to both of you tomorrow. Be here half an hour early.

FREEMAN
Does this have something to do with last night?

O'RILEY
I told you. You don't ask questions.
(turning)
Half an hour early.

O'Riley leaves. Disappearing in his office. Kaylor and Freeman exchange puzzled looks.

CUT TO:

AN ELEVATED PLATFORM

on a subway line in Brooklyn. Shadows congeal on corners. Negotiating darkly. Subway platform is suspended above an intersection. Brightly lit. Two stairways rise from the street. At the curb a blue Ford.

IN THE FORD

Unmarked car. Radio and clock on the dash. Debbie behind the wheel. Freeman in the passenger seat. Handset on cracked Naugahyde between them.

DEBBIE
What are you doing Christmas?

FREEMAN
Mom and I are going to David's.
I always do Santa for the kids.

Debbie looking out the window now. Slow drizzle. Old black man in rain gear. Walking a dog. Fucking dog's got a little raincoat on. Clock on the dash says 8:58. In the P.M.

DEBBIE
You know, I used to live with this guy. One day, he just packed up and split. Said I was trying to smother him. He wanted to crawl out of his own swamp. Man, that really tore me up. So I went to see this shrink. He told me sometimes love can kill people. Is that weird?

FREEMAN
Are you talking to me?

DEBBIE
You been taking care of David since you was kids, right?

FREEMAN
Girl, you got some kind of a point here?

DEBBIE
I was just thinking. You get the gold shield. Move up to sergeant. What's gonna happen to David? You ever think about that?

FREEMAN
What I think is, you ought to mind your own damn business.

She can do that. Looks out the window. Seconds pass. Debbie spots something. Up on the elevated tracks. Approaching the platform. It's a train. Three familiar yellow cars:

DEBBIE
Lookit that damn Money Train. Everywhere you turn, there it is. But we can't even talk about it.

FREEMAN
(squinting)
That's not the Money Train.
That's the Garbage Train. They
look the same but...
(an idea)
Jesus Christ! Why didn't I
think of that?

DEBBIE
What?

Freeman considering it. So fucking simple. Kaylor won't even see it coming. Freeman chuckling now. Debbie frowning:

DEBBIE (Cont'd)
Why didn't you think of what?

FREEMAN
I'm gonna get my money back.

DEBBIE
What money?

O'RILEY (ON HANDSET, OS)
OK...radio check.

CUT TO:

O'RILEY

in the elevated platform. On his handset. Hector at his side. Tunnel behind them goes to the tracks. Kaylor sitting in a glass booth. Wearing a collector's red blazer. Commuters milling about. Blind crone snoring on a bench by the booth. She's wearing dark glasses. Got a shopping cart and white cane.

O'RILEY
(into handset)
Lonnie and Pan?

CUT TO:

PAN

at the wheel of a Chevy. Parked out on the street. Lonnie beside him. Gnawing on a sandwich. Through the windshield. A clear view of the south exit.

PAN
(into handset)
Horse is in the barn, Sergeant.

CUT TO:

O'RILEY

in the elevated platform. Watching Kaylor get comfortable. Sitting in there. Behind that bulletproof glass. Hector hangs an OUT OF ORDER sign on the men's room door.

O'RILEY
(into handset)
John?

FREEMAN (ON HANDSET, OS)
Ten-four. Freeman and Turner in position.

O'RILEY
(into handset)
Hector and I are entering the men's room now. Keep this channel open. And stay awake, dammit!

O'Riley considers rousting the homeless lady. Fuck it. Let her sleep. He turns to Kaylor. Thumbs up from the booth. Now O'Riley. Following Hector into

THE MEN'S ROOM

God-awful place. Graffiti everywhere. Used paper towels on the floor. O'Riley locking the door from the inside. Hector turning over a wastebasket. Sitting down. O'Riley peers through a hole in the door. Good view of the booth and surrounding area.

HECTOR
Hey, Sarge?

O'RILEY
Hey, what?

HECTOR
You think women do this kind of shit to their toilets? Or is it just us guys?

O'RILEY
(turning)
Hector. I would appreciate it if you would not talk to me. When you talk to me, it makes my fucking head bleed.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE: THE DECOY UNIT RUNS A TRAP

In the booth, Kaylor sells tokens, making change from a

burgeoning cash drawer, bearing witness to lost creatures of the night, fairies, hookers, battered souls with dead faces rising up in constant, aimless motion.

In the Ford, Freeman pops gum, talking with Debbie and perusing a magazine. Rain starts to fall. An NYPD cruiser, siren howling, bubble flashing, streaks by. Digital clock on the dash reads 2:17 a.m.

In the Chevy, Pan and Lonnie doze, watching the flow of pedestrians, remains of a once great city, now relentlessly devouring itself. Digital clock on the dash reads 3:10 a.m. Thunder. More rain. Big storm.

In the men's room, Hector and O'Riley take turns watching through the peephole. Hector drinking from a thermos, talking constantly, waving his arms, driving O'Riley slowly, but irrevocably, insane.

END MONTAGE

DISSOLVE TO:

FREEMAN

in the Ford. Eyes at half-mast. Leaning on the passenger door. Fighting a losing battle with sleep. Raining hard now. Debbie behind the wheel. Drifting. Outside

IN THE STREET

at the bottom of the stairs. North side of the platform. A Dodge van double-parks. Thunder cracks. Rain pelts down. Van's side doors open. Four guys pile out. Bundled against the cold. Biggest one wearing a camo army jacket. Glancing up and down the street. Heading for the stairs.

IN THE FORD

Freeman sees the van through half-closed eyes. Double-parked. Engine running. Men are halfway up the stairs before he gets it. Sitting bolt upright. Pounding Debbie's shoulder:

DEBBIE
What's a matter?

FREEMAN
We got company.
(into handset)
O'Riley? Do you read?

O'RILEY (ON HANDSET, OS)
Go, John.

FREEMAN
(into handset)
Four mopes are entering the platform from the north. They left a van double-parked in the street.

O'RILEY (ON HANDSET, OS)
Run the plates and keep me advised.

FREEMAN
(into handset)
Ten-four.

Debbie works the car radio. Rain hammers the roof. Loud. Debbie's wide awake now. Running like some bloody machine:

DEBBIE
(into mike)
Dispatch. This is Decoy Unit Two. Do you read?

FEMALE VOICE (ON RADIO, OS)
Go, Decoy Two.

DEBBIE
(into mike)
Requesting a ten-fifteen on blue '86 Dodge van. Jersey plates. Charlie, Alpha, Zebra. Three-one-six.

CUT TO:

KAYLOR

stacking tokens in the booth. Platform's deserted now. Really late. Blind hag on the bench. Kaylor yawning. Glancing up from the tokens. Shit. Here come

FOUR HISPANICS

into the station. Two of them move quickly to the tunnel entrance. The biggest one, JULIO, twenties, digging in his pocket. Approaching Kaylor now. Gotta voice like a fucking rivet gun:

JULIO
Gimme ten bucks worth.

Julio eases a bill through a slot. Kaylor makes change. Counting tokens. Here's Julio again. Leaning on the booth. Eyeballing the sign on the men's room door:

JULIO (Cont'd)
Shitter fucked up?

KAYLOR
What'd you say?

JULIO
The head, man. Men's room.
What's the matter with it?

KAYLOR
Oh...pipes froze.

JULIO
(nodding)
Pipes froze.

Kaylor slides tokens and change through the slot. Julio ignores them. Thinking about things. Looking at the blind hag on the bench. Thinking some more.

IN THE FORD

Freeman and Debbie. Very stoked. Debbie checking the Glock in her shoulder holster. Rain on the roof is like big marbles. Car radio crackles. Debbie jumps.

FEMALE VOICE (ON RADIO, OS)
Decoy Two. This is Dispatch.

DEBBIE
Go, Dispatch.

FEMALE VOICE (ON RADIO, OS)
You're '86 Dodge van, Jersey plates, Charlie, Alpha, Zebra is ten-sixteen. Alarm number, Foxtrot one-three-six-niner.

FREEMAN
(into handset)
Sergeant, do you read?

IN THE MEN'S ROOM

O'Riley at the peephole. Working his handset. Hector fit to be tied. O'Riley pressing the handset to his lips:

O'RILEY
What do you got John?

FREEMAN (ON HANDSET, OS)
Van is stolen. What do you want to do? Over?

O'RILEY
(whispering, into handset)
Hold your position. Cover that exit. Lonnie, you and Pan stay on the south exit. There's four of these fuckers in here. Lonnie, can you hear me? Over?
(silence, turning to Hector)
I'm not getting anything from Pan or Lonnie. Jesus Christ. Where are they?

IN THE CHEVY

Lonnie's sound asleep. Got his seat belt on. Pan's behind the wheel. Snoring. Handset's on the dash. Rain hammering the windshield. O'Riley's voice on the handset.

O'RILEY (ON HANDSET, OS)
Pan? Lonnie? Do you read?

OUTSIDE THE BOOTH

Julio pulls a pistol. Big one. Racing to the homeless lady. Grabbing a fistful of her hair. Knocking her glasses off. The old lady screaming. Clawing at Julio. Got some lungs on her. Julio hauling her to the side entrance. Screwing the barrel of a Mack 10 in her ear. Yelling at Kaylor:

JULIO
Open the door, you fucking donkey or I'll blow her brains out.

IN THE MEN'S ROOM

O'Riley whispering in his handset. Hector behind him. Dancing on razor blades. Checking his Glock.

O'RILEY
(into handset)
It's going down, John. We need backup. Lonnie? Pan? Can you hear me for Chrissake?

IN THE CHEVY

Lonnie and Pan still asleep. Rain splattering the windshield. Pan shifts positions. Getting more comfortable. Oblivious to everything.

IN THE FORD

Rain very loud. Thunder rips big holes in the sky. Lightning

irradiates the inside of the car. Freeman on pins and needles. Debbie's freaked. Working the radio:

DEBBIE
Dispatch. This is Decoy Two. Gates Avenue Station. We need backup. Now!

FREEMAN
No sirens!

DEBBIE
(into mike)
Code Three. Dispatch, do you read?

IN THE BOOTH

Kaylor on his feet at the door now. Key in hand. Hesitating. That old lady's face burns into his brain. Her screams fill him with dread. Julio shouting:

JULIO
I ain't telling you again, hemorrhoid. Get the fucking door open!

KAYLOR
I'm opening it. I'm opening it.

He does. Julio dumps the blind lady on the floor. Now he's pointing his big auto at Kaylor's face. Very unpleasant. Kaylor backing up. Stumbling over his chair. Praying silently. If O'Riley makes a move too soon, it'll be a fucking bloodbath. Julio tosses a garbage bag at him:

JULIO
Put the cash and tokens in here. Move, dammit!

IN THE MEN'S ROOM

O'Riley stares through the peephole. Watching Kaylor. Watching him empty that cash. Hector behind O'Riley. Having kittens. Talking way too loud:

HECTOR
We can't just stay in here.

O'RILEY
(hissing)
Shut up. They'll hear us.
(thinking)
We have to wait until they're out of the booth.
(into handset)
John? Did you call for backup?

IN THE FORD

Torrents of rain. Windshield a blur. Lightning setting fire to the night. More thunder. Freeman's working the handset:

FREEMAN
(into handset)
Ten-four. It's on the way.
(eyeing van)
Shit. This is bad.

IN THE BOOTH

Kaylor's finished. Julio tosses the garbage bag to NEEDLES. He's a speed-tweaking germ with a scarred face. Julio leering now. Studying Kaylor:

NEEDLES
Julio, man. We gotta get the fuck outta here.

JULIO
(to Kaylor)
You're coming with us.

KAYLOR
What for?

JULIO
Cause you're cute, man. You remind me of a girl.

Julio grabs Kaylor by the collar. Dragging him through the door. Stepping in behind him. Placing the barrel of his automatic on Kaylor's neck. Fuck. That metal is cold.

IN THE MEN'S ROOM

O'Riley turns away from the peephole. Leaning on the door. Rubbing his temples. Thinking hard. Hector is white-faced. Staring at O'Riley:

HECTOR
What?

O'RILEY
They're taking David.

HECTOR
Christ, Sarge. They'll kill him.

O'RILEY
(hoarsely)
Shut up!

(MORE)

O'RILEY (Cont'd)
(into handset)
John. They're taking David. See if we can get them between us on the stairs.

IN THE FORD

Freeman and Debbie. Watching through the rain-soaked windshield. Spotting Julio and his pals. Exiting the station. Hard to see. Goddam rain. Freeman squinting:

FREEMAN
(panicking)
We gotta get closer!

ON THE STEPS

Halfway to the street. Rain blinds Kaylor. Julio right behind him. Needles up front. Kaylor spots Debbie and Freeman in the Ford. Creeping slowly in his direction. Jesus. There's a shit-storm coming.

IN THE STATION

O'Riley and Hector explode from the men's room. Guns drawn. Sprinting to the doorway. Taking position. O'Riley peering out and down the stairs now. Spotting Julio's back.

HECTOR
Let's do it!

O'RILEY
Wait!
(into handset)
Lonnie. Pan. Do you read?

IN THE CHEVY

Lonnie's dreaming. Pan still snoring. Thunder booms. Rain bounces off the hood. O'Riley's not gonna get any help here.

IN THE FORD

Debbie feathers the brake. Slowing down. Worried about being seen. Peering through the rain-blotched windshield. Freeman screaming at her:

FREEMAN
Closer!

DEBBIE
They're gonna spot us!

ON THE STREET

Julio, Needles, David and the others head for the van. Thunder. Driver behind the wheel. Side door open. Needles and the others pile in the van. Ford about twenty yards away and coming. Lightning. Here's Julio's dripping face:

JULIO
(to Kaylor)
Get in!

KAYLOR
I don't think so.

JULIO
What do you mean, you don't think so?

TOP OF THE STAIRS

O'Riley and Hector make their move. Leaving the platform. Appearing on the steps above. Weapons pointing down at the street. O'Riley screaming now. Shouting over the storm:

O'RILEY
Police! Freeze!

IN THE FORD

Inching closer to the van. Freeman spots O'Riley at the top of the stairs. This is it. Freeman bellows at Debbie:

FREEMAN
Go!

ON THE STREET

Julio glances up the stairs. Spots O'Riley and Hector. Now he hears the Ford. Coming at him from the left. Engine wide open. Some kind of a trap. He's fucked. Kaylor turns to run. Julio opens up. Point-blank on Kaylor's back. Hitting Kaylor three times. Knocking him off his feet. Kaylor lifted in the air. Slamming into some garbage cans. Julio shouts. Diving for the door of the van.

ON THE STAIRS

O'Riley and Hector are shooting. Blinded by the rain. Watching Julio disappear in the van. Still firing. Big noise. Van's windshield shatters. Tires scream. Shit-storm is here.

IN THE FORD

Debbie stomps on the brake. Van is taking off. Now Debbie.

Hurling open the door. One foot in the street. Leveling her pistol. Van fishtailing. Debbie puts three rounds in the back door. Quick. Very loud.

IN THE STREET

Freeman runs flat out. Losing his footing in the downpour. Plunging across the sidewalk. Kneeling. Hurling garbage cans out of his way. There's Kaylor. Lying on his side. Not moving. Blood runs from his mouth. Freeman's expression. It would stop a tank. Rain splatters his tormented face:

FREEMAN
Goddam...Oh, shit...don't die on me, David...Oh, God.

KAYLOR
(opening his eyes)
You aren't gonna get all emotional, are you?
(Freeman blinks)
I just cut my lip.

Freeman's jaw drops. He rips open Kaylor's red blazer. Sees a bulletproof vest. Rain buckets down. On Kaylor's crooked grin. Freeman laughs. So goddam relieved.

IN THE CHEVY

Pan hears gunfire. Waking up now. Spotting the van. Engine screaming. Hurtling in his direction. Pan puts the Chevy in gear. Pure instinct. Lonnie's dead to the world.

ON THE STREET

One block south of the platform. The van continuing to accelerate. At the precise moment. Pan's Chevy. Leaving the curb. Slamming into the van. Broadside. Loud enough to wake the dead. Glass shatters. Van upended. Tossed across the street. Rolling onto its side now. Wheels spinning. Smoke pouring from its underbelly.

IN THE CHEVY

Here's Pan. Breath knocked out of him. Staring through a cracked windshield. That van's had it. Nobody moving in there. Lonnie wide awake. Eyes on stalks:

LONNIE
What happened?

PAN
I think...I --

LONNIE
(screaming)
Jesus Christ, Pan. You stupid prick. What did you do? Get us into a fucking wreck?

CUT TO:

KAYLOR LAUGHING

outside Decoy Command. Hours later. Walking to Freeman's car. Freeman pacing him. Finishing up a story. Also laughing. Rain's stopped. Sun coming up.

FREEMAN
(chuckling)
So, after Pan tells me what happened and swears me to secrecy, I walk over to Lonnie who's changing his clothes...

KAYLOR
(choking)
Yeah?

FREEMAN
And I go, hey, Lonnie. I hear you're gonna be up for a commendation. And he starts getting excited. Asking me how I know that. And I tell him, it's easy to figure. He's the only subway cop in history that's ever foiled an armed robbery in his fucking sleep.

Kaylor stops. Wheezing. Too fucking funny. Freeman getting his breath. Kaylor wiping away tears. Walking again. Way down the street. There's the Toyota. Parked at a curb. Freeman walking along. Playing it just right:

FREEMAN (Cont'd)
Jesus. You work the job for years, nothing. Then, double bang. Two nights in a row. Hey, little brother?

KAYLOR
What?

FREEMAN
Even bet. Eighty bucks says I know how to move the twenty million. What do you say?

KAYLOR
(frowning)
I don't know, man. I made a lotta money today.

FREEMAN
You can ask one question. If I can't answer it, you win.

KAYLOR
Any question I want?
(Freeman nods)
Alright. Lemme have it.

Freeman glares at the sky. Relishing the moment. Kaylor waiting. Big garbage truck rumbles down the dirty street. Freeman watching it. Grin cracking like an egg:

FREEMAN
We take the twenty million and transfer it to a Garbage Train. I'm gifted, aren't I? I mean seriously gifted.

KAYLOR
How do we transfer the money? That's a lot of freight, man. There's only two of us.

FREEMAN
Is that your question?

KAYLOR
No. Wait. Lemme think.

Kaylor taking off. Heading for the car. Gears turning. Freeman moving at his side. Gonna get his money back. Hot damn. At the car now. Kaylor stopping:

KAYLOR (Cont'd)
OK. Here's my question. How can just two guys get that much money from a sidetracked subway train to the surface and escape without ever getting caught?

FREEMAN
That's about three fucking questions, man.

KAYLOR
No way. I put that question together very carefully. You gotta answer it. That's the deal.

FREEMAN
Then, I get my money back?

KAYLOR
If you can answer it.

FREEMAN
Alright. We steal the Garbage Train. Use the dinks running the train to help move the money. Those guys work for peanuts. Give 'em enough, they'll do anything.
(beat)
Then we drive the Garbage Train to a dump. Where there's a garbage truck waiting for us.
(quickly)
We boosted it the night before. Left it there. We toss the money in the truck. Drive it someplace safe and hide it. Back to work the next morning. Absolutely cool.

KAYLOR
But, what if --

FREEMAN
One question! That was the deal. No more.
(smiling)
Don't feel bad. You win some. You lose some. It's just a process. Try not to focus too much on the result.
(sticking it)
You owe me eighty bucks, pal.

KAYLOR
(after a beat)
Shit.

Kaylor gives up. Fucking Freeman. Kaylor digs in his pocket. Finding the money. Freeman whistling. Watching his friend:

FREEMAN
Man, what do you think O'Riley wants with us?

CUT TO:

O'RILEY

at his desk the next night. Talking on the phone. Poster boards on monkey puke walls. Metal chairs. Freeman and Kaylor. Appearing in the door. O'Riley hangs up:

O'RILEY
Fucking TA pogues. I hate the pricks.

FREEMAN
I think you got ambivalent feelings about them, Sarge.

O'RILEY
What?

KAYLOR
He means your feelings are mixed.

O'RILEY
Yeah? Then why didn't he say that? You guys siddown.
(they do)
Thanks for coming early. I wanted to see you alone. Before this comes out.

Big envelope on O'Riley's desk. O'Riley tossing it to Freeman. Freeman opens the envelope. Removing a sheet of paper.

O'RILEY (Cont'd)
I gotta cousin in personnel. I wanted you to see it before it's posted.

Freeman stares at the paper in his hand. Stunned. Glancing at O'Riley. Then back at the paper:

KAYLOR
What is it?

FREEMAN
(getting up)
The test results.

Freeman walks out. Dropping the paper in Kaylor's lap. Kaylor's confused. Watching Freeman leave. Picking up the paper now. Twenty names on the list. Name at the top is David Kaylor. Second name is John Freeman. Only three points between their scores.

KAYLOR
What does this mean?

O'RILEY
It means you came in first. John came in second. You're gonna be a sergeant.

KAYLOR
But I thought you had to take the test a couple of times --

O'RILEY
You got the best score, David. It happens once in a while. I asked my cousin in personnel.

CUT TO:

FREEMAN

leaving Decoy Command. Moments later. Hands in his pockets. Going no place. Behind him. Door opens. Kaylor appears. Glancing left and right. Spotting Freeman. Catching up. The two. Walking side by side. Fucking freezing. Gouts of steam pour from their mouths:

KAYLOR
Where you going?

FREEMAN
For a walk.

KAYLOR
Wanna get a drink?

FREEMAN
No. And neither do you. We gotta work tonight.

They walk. Ahead, a drunk leans on a light post. Vomiting. Freeman passing him. Voice cracking now:

FREEMAN (Cont'd)
Sometimes I think this city is one great big toilet. Everybody pisses in it, but nobody ever flushes.

KAYLOR
I'm gonna tell O'Riley I don't want the job.

FREEMAN
(fiercely)
You do that and I'll knock your head off. Don't even think about doing that. I mean it, man.

Freeman storming away. Kaylor catching up to him. Stomach

churning. Big garbage truck rumbling by. Kaylor trying to figure something:

KAYLOR
Listen, I was thinking. The scoring on that oral part was all subjective. You think maybe this is...
(searching)
You know...because you're black?

FREEMAN
(exploding)
Fuck you, man! Fifteen years you live in my house. Eat my mama's food. Sit at the same table with me and never once in all that time is there any serious racial shit between us. Never! So don't be doing me like that now.

KAYLOR
I didn't mean it that way.

FREEMAN
I can compete with you on my own. I don't need no special consideration because I'm black. I don't fucking want it!

Freeman heading off. Furious. After a few steps he stops. Wind gone out of him. Turning back now. Facing Kaylor. Guy's having a serious meltdown.

FREEMAN (Cont'd)
David, listen to me. I love your ass. When that dipshit opened up on you tonight, I thought you were gone and I felt...
(emotional)
I want you to hear what I'm saying. You got the job fair and square. You gotta take it. If you don't. It'd be like pissing in my face.
(struggling)
Now, I have some stuff to work out in my head. Personal stuff. And I want to go for a walk alone. OK?

KAYLOR
Sure.

Freeman leaves. Kaylor watches him go. Ashen. The night feels too cold. The buildings more like a trap than a place where people live and go to work.

CUT TO:

KAYLOR

chewing on his lip. Pacing back and forth. In O'Riley's office. Minutes later. O'Riley at his desk. Playing with a pencil. O'Riley. Mister noncommittal.

KAYLOR
I'm telling you, I wanna withdraw.

O'RILEY
Have you talked to John about this?

KAYLOR
Lemme worry about John, OK? What are you looking at me like that for?

No reply. Kaylor's frustrated. Trying to think of something to say. Can't. Collapsing now. Falling in a chair. Holding his head in his hands:

KAYLOR (Cont'd)
Shit. It wasn't supposed to happen like this. I didn't hardly even study. It makes no sense.

O'RILEY
Maybe is does and you just don't see it yet. Things usually happen for a reason.

KAYLOR
Yeah? Tell that to people in a fucking hurricane, why don't you?

O'RILEY
Real funny, David. Lemme tell you something. I think part of growing up is realizing there's some things you can't do nothing about.

KAYLOR
Really? You sure that's not just another way of saying you're too fucking old?
(MORE)

KAYLOR (Cont'd)
Sorry.
(thinking)
Christ. He wanted the job so bad. He was gonna buy a house. What's he gonna tell his mother?

O'RILEY
You wanted it too, right?

KAYLOR
No way.

O'RILEY
(stunned)
Then why take the test?

KAYLOR
Because he told me to!

O'RILEY
(amazed)
What the hell kinda reason is that? Ain't you got a mind of your own?
(pointedly)
Maybe that's why this happened. Force you to take some responsibility, for yourself?

KAYLOR
Hey, fuck you!

O'RILEY
Calm down.

KAYLOR
(hot)
I'm not taking that job away from John. No fucking way.

O'RILEY
What else can you do?

KAYLOR
I don't know. But I'm not interested in your two-bit philosophy. Are we clear on that?

O'Riley pales. Kaylor leaves. Slamming the door. O'Riley leaning back in his chair. Rubbing his eyes. Feeling his age. Tossing the pencil on the desk:

O'RILEY
Shit.

CUT TO:

A CHRISTMAS TREE

flocked with snow. Lights blinking. In the living room of Kaylor's house. Days later. Brightly wrapped presents under the tree. Squealing delightedly, here comes

AMANDA

rocketing by in a flashy red party dress. She's got on patent leather Mary Janes. Johnny's chasing her. Making weird locomotive sounds. In slacks and bow tie. Running after his sister. Charging into

THE KITCHEN

Maria's building a salad. Kaylor's in a yellow apron with red hearts. Dragging a turkey from the oven. Lugging it to an empty space by the sink. Got himself a highball on the counter. Amanda shrieks round the kitchen. Hiding between Kaylor's legs. Johnny eyes her:

JOHNNY
You're dead.

AMANDA
Am not.

KAYLOR
Amanda, let go of my leg. You're gonna trip me.

JOHNNY
She's dead.

AMANDA
Am not. Am I daddy?

KAYLOR
Course not.

JOHNNY
Wrong. I got her, she's dead.

AMANDA
Am not. Daddy says so.

JOHNNY
Tell her she's dead, daddy!

KAYLOR
No way. She's making too much noise. Dead people don't make noise like that.

Amanda the triumphant. Zipping away now. Out of the kitchen.

Johnny chasing her. Making flatuent sounds. Maria leans on the counter. Considering her husband. He upends his glass:

MARIA
Oughta take it easy on that stuff.

KAYLOR
You know what? I'm really tired of people telling me what to do. I don't wanna do that anymore.

MARIA
You trying to tell me something?

KAYLOR
It's English. You speak any English?

She puts the salad stuff down. Walks to the other end of the counter. Kaylor watches her look out the window. Here she is now. Turning around. Ice-fucking cold:

MARIA
A couple of years ago you started seriously turning yourself into an asshole. Questions is, did you do that because somebody told you to? Or did you do it all by yourself?

KAYLOR
(leaving)
I need another drink.

MARIA
You don't want to be married anymore, why not just say it?
(he stops)
Why pretend? For the kids? That's stupid.

KAYLOR
How come everything happens all at once? I'd really like it if somebody could explain that to me.

MARIA
I'm just saying I don't think you wanna be married. If I'm wrong, tell me. Maybe we can work something out.

He moves back into the kitchen. Staring at his turkey.

What's he gonna say? One thing for sure. His glass is empty. Doorbell rings. Way off, that's Amanda squealing.

CUT TO:

FREEMAN

on Kaylor's front porch. In a heavy overcoat. Arms overflowing with presents. Leaning on the doorbell. Slate gray sky. At Freeman's side, his mother

WANDA FREEMAN

fifties. Impeccably groomed in coat and pillbox hat. Door opens. The family Kaylor appears. Making Christmas noises. Wearing holiday smiles. Freeman and Wanda enter

THE LIVING ROOM

Greetings all around. Kaylor, eyes glazed, embraces Wanda. Amanda pulls on Freeman's jacket. Pointing up at all those presents. Eyes really wide:

AMANDA
What are those, uncle John?

FREEMAN
Don't know. Some dude in a red suit gave them to me.

AMANDA
That was Santa!

JOHNNY
There is no Santa.

AMANDA
Is so!
(to Freeman)
Is he coming back?

FREEMAN
Well, he said, he was.

AMANDA
(to Johnny)
You see, you see!

Johnny makes barking noises. Chases Amanda out. Freeman puts the presents down. Wanda removes her hat and coat. Handing them to Maria.

KAYLOR
First things first. Who wants a toddy?
(turning)
Momma Wanda?

WANDA
How many of me do you see standing here, Davey? You see three of me? Four maybe?

KAYLOR
(to Freeman)
What's she talking about?

WANDA
(gently)
I'm talking about a growed man half-bagged before noon. That's what I'm talking about.

KAYLOR
Hey, this is Christmas.

WANDA
Hay is what cows eat. Mind your manners, boy. Or I'll put you over my knee.

KAYLOR
(grinning)
Over your knee?

WANDA
Wouldn't be the first time. Now you and Johnny run along. And go easy on that sauce. You hear what I'm saying?

KAYLOR
Yes, ma'am.

CUT TO:

JACK DANIELS

flowing over ice in a cocktail glass. Moments later. Down in Kaylor's game room. Kaylor pouring. He's got a bar, pool table and chairs down here. Still in his apron. Taking Freeman a drink:

FREEMAN
Where you been the last two days? I want to talk to you about the other night.

KAYLOR
Forget about that. I have everything all worked out.

FREEMAN
Yeah? This I gotta hear.

KAYLOR
You know your idea to sidetrack the Money Train? It's good. But when you do, they'll spot it on the big board in RTO Command.

FREEMAN
You lost me. Wanna try that again?

KAYLOR
There's a very big hole in your scheme and I've been working on it. What we do is, cut the power to the board. It'll take eighteen minutes for the backup system to kick in. I checked.

FREEMAN
How much of this shit have you had to drink?

KAYLOR
See, the way I figure, in that eighteen minutes, we transfer the money to the Garbage Train. We won't be able to get the whole twenty million. But we'll be able to get a lot.
(beat)
Just before the eighteen minutes is up, we put the Money Train back on the tracks. Set it rolling. When the board comes back up, they'll never even know it was sidetracked. Take a long time for them to figure out that it's been hit. Wait. Lemme show you this.

Freeman frowns. Watching Kaylor move back to the bar now. Returning with a locked toolbox. Putting it on the pool table. Inside there's a bunch of very weird shit. Kaylor takes it out. Describing each item:

KAYLOR (Cont'd)
You know what this is? This is Cee-fucking-four plastic explosive, man. And this is a timing detonator. This little cupcake thing is a scrambling device also with a timer. Stick it on the side of the Money Train's cab and the motorman won't be able to send or receive.

FREEMAN
David?

KAYLOR
These here are miniature teargas cannisters. Fit right through the air-ducts. And these ugly looking babies are tranquilizer guns. Put a goddam elephant to sleep for about two hours.

FREEMAN
Where'd you get this stuff?

KAYLOR
I swiped it, man. From the Swat Team Armory two nights ago. That's what I've been doing. Putting this together. What do you think?

Freeman puts his drink down. The hairs on the back of his neck are standing up.

FREEMAN
This is just a game, right? A game we've been playing since we were kids.

KAYLOR
Johnny, it's the solution to everything. You can still buy momma the house. That sergeant's job? Who the hell needs it?

FREEMAN
You can't get away with this. They'll never stop looking for your ass. Never!

KAYLOR
But they won't find us. You know why? Because with that much money, we'll be free. Free from everything. We'll have to lie low for a while, sure --

FREEMAN
(hoarsely)
Get rid of that shit, David. I mean it. I don't want to talk about this again. Never. You hear what I'm saying?

KAYLOR
What do you mean? It's your fucking plan.

FREEMAN
There is no plan. It was a game, dammit! Now put that stuff away!

Kaylor's face, red from drink is getting redder now. Sullen, he fills up his box. Returns it to the bar. Dumping straight Jack Daniels in his glass. A ton and a half of it.

KAYLOR
This is bullshit, man. I'm trying to figure how you can get your house and I can maybe --

FREEMAN
Yeah? How am I gonna buy a house with a trailer full of small bills? How am I gonna explain that? C'mon, genius. Tell me that.

KAYLOR
Well, we could find a way to launder some of --

FREEMAN
See? See what I'm saying? It's like Pandora's fucking box.
(shouting)
It's against the law! We're supposed to be cops. Why don't you grow the fuck up?

KAYLOR
Next person tells me that, I'm gonna set his hair on fire.

FREEMAN
You wanna try that now?

KAYLOR
Since you're such a chicken shit. Maybe I'll rob the train myself.

FREEMAN
You try that and I'll kick your ass clear into next week!

Freeman steps closer. Kaylor won't give in. Years of stuff. Very near the surface. Both men, right there. Flirting with the edge. From upstairs, Maria's voice:

MARIA (OS)
Everything alright down there?

KAYLOR
Everything's fine!

MARIA (OS)
Well, soup's on.

FREEMAN
Be right there!

Freeman and Kaylor. Nose to nose. Two stubborn guys. Out of joint and out of time. Kaylor weaves slightly. Big doses of sour mash can do that.

FREEMAN (Cont'd)
You gonna fall down?

KAYLOR
No fucking way.

FREEMAN
I like those little hearts on your skirt.

KAYLOR
It's not a skirt.

FREEMAN
What is it?

KAYLOR
It's a apron, dickhead. I cook in it.

FREEMAN
Apron, huh?
(smiling)
Looks like a skirt to me.

KAYLOR
Well it's not.
(smiling, despite himself)
You can make me laugh, man. But it won't change anything.

FREEMAN
Right. You'll still be wearing a skirt.

Kaylor grins. Freeman relaxes a little. Temporary reprieve.

Kaylor drapes his arm around Freeman's shoulder now. Both men head for the door:

FREEMAN (Cont'd)
Listen to me. I understand what you're trying to do. But boosting the Money Train is not the way. OK?

KAYLOR
Yes, dear.

CUT TO:

KAYLOR

lying in bed. Hours later. Staring at the goddam ceiling. Upstairs bedroom. Modestly furnished. Adjoining bathroom. Door half open. Water running. Light pours into the room. Kaylor looks like hell. Booze worn off. Feels like his spine is a sharp spike. Running right up inside his fucking head.

MARIA

leaves the bathroom. Walks to a dresser. Takes off some earrings. Extremely loud silence. She's glancing at Kaylor's face in the mirror now. Making a decision. Moving to the bed. Sitting down on the edge. He won't look at her.

MARIA
I'm sorry, David. I just can't do this anymore. If I do, I'm gonna wind up hating you. And I don't want that. I think I should go away. I'll take the kids. OK?
(silence)
Goddammit! Are you just going to lay there like a slug and stare at the ceiling? Don't you have any feelings at all? I'm talking about a divorce for Chrissake!

Kaylor looks at her now. Strung out. Feeling like some kind of trapped animal. Watching her get up. Move back to the dresser:

KAYLOR
I was lying here thinking about why my father left. Like maybe I understand. You know?
(MORE)

KAYLOR (Cont'd)
You said tonight, I should never have been married. I guess you're right. But...what I want you to realize...I never meant to hurt you. I care what happens to you and the kids. It's just that I... I don't think I really belong here.

MARIA
Stop it. I'm not asking you to explain yourself. There's no reason for that. We just made a mistake. Both of us.
(beat)
If it's OK, I'll leave the day after New Years. We can still spend New Year's Eve with Johnny like always. Do you want to do that?

KAYLOR
You should stay here. Keep the house. The kids can stay in school. I'll go.

MARIA
I'm so sorry, David. But it's for the best. We both tried, but this just isn't going to work.
(no reply)
What about you? Do you know what you're gonna do?

We start inching closer to him. Kaylor lying in his bed. Wide awake now. Making a decision. We are right up in his face when he does it:

KAYLOR
Yeah. I know exactly what I'm gonna do.

CUT TO:

THE BIG APPLE

from way up in the air. A carnival of lights. Movement and sound. The night is alive. Pulsating. World Trade Center. United Nations. Brooklyn Bridge. New Year's Eve in Manhattan. Hell of a deal.

ON A STREET

Traffic all jammed up. Idiots leaning on their horns. Wall

to wall people. Here comes a station wagon. Double-parking in front of a neon marquee. The Blue Note.

MARIA

piles out. Leaving the wagon. Man, she looks good. Hyperactive black kid in bowler hat and reflector shades. Taking her keys. Handing her a ticket. Gonna park the car. We follow Maria. Push over the crowded sidewalk. Freezing cold. Nobody seems to mind. Maria enters

THE BLUE NOTE

Even louder in here. Can't hear yourself think. Place is jammed. Mostly black. Hot combo on a stage. Banners hanging all over the place. Crazy people in weird fucking hats. Drinking hard.

Maria takes off her coat. Looking around. Spots Freeman. He's having a conversation with Shirley Jeanne. Maria pushes through the crowd. Shoves all the way over to where Freeman is. Has to shout:

MARIA
Loud enough?

FREEMAN
Happy New Year!

SHIRLEY JEANNE
(to Maria)
You drinking?

MARIA
Bourbon and Seven!

SHIRLEY JEANNE
(turning away)
I'll try and make it back!

Shirley Jeanne takes off. Disappearing in the crowd. On the wall above the bar. Big screen TV. Announcer counting down the time to midnight. Maria drops in the booth. Grinning at Freeman. Raising her voice above the din:

MARIA
Where's David?

FREEMAN
Thought he was with you!

CUT TO:

KAYLOR

in a tunnel outside the Houston Street Station. Hidden in an alcove. Watching a Garbage Train pull past. Watching it stop at a platform. Dressed in black. Looking grim. Canvas bag at his feet. Steam pouring from his mouth.

Kaylor pulling a ski mask over his head. Picking up the bag. Sprinting to the back of the train. Climbing a small landing. Removing a crowbar from the bag. Jimmying the door. Lock breaks. Kaylor steps into

THE GARBAGE TRAIN

Crap everywhere. Through the open doors, Kaylor sees two black guys in blue coveralls. HANK and JOE. Collecting trash on a crowded platform. Kaylor hides behind some garbage.

Kaylor. Removing a .45 auto from his canvas bag. Chambering a round. Waiting. Checking his watch. 11:02. Something moves in the darkness. A fucking rat.

Now Hank and Joe enter the car. Laughing. Tossing their trash into a bin. Hank leans out. Waving at the motorman. Doors close.

Gears click. Electricity hums. Train starts to move. Car lurches with acceleration. Kaylor steps from his hiding place. Pointing that pistol:

KAYLOR
One move and you're dead.

Hank and Joe toss their hands in the air. Startled. Exchange glances. Kaylor steps forward. Positively eerie in the ski mask. Turning to Joe:

KAYLOR (Cont'd)
Face down on the floor. Now, motherfucker!

(Joe does)

Hands behind your back.

Train is picking up speed. Getting noisy. Kneeling by the prone man, Kaylor cuffs him. Keeping the .45 on the other guy. Standing now:

KAYLOR (Cont'd)
Walk ahead of me to the front.

HANK
Stepped on your meat, man. Ain't nothing in here but trash.

KAYLOR
(shouting)
Move, dammit!

Hank turns. Walking forward. Kaylor following. Car lurches to the left. Lights flicker. Heavy steel. Clattering on frozen rails.

CUT TO:

SOUTH FERRY STATION

platform's packed. Big sign tells us where we are. Money Train A. Parked under the sign. One of two Money Trains running on this busy night. Drunk people wandering all over the place. What a mess. Somebody moving through the crowd.

It's a mean looking guy in a special revenue uniform. HENDRICKS. Carrying a big silver automatic. Watching two armed guards enter the train. They got money bags.

Hendricks follows them inside. Doors close. Train pulls out. Heading for a tunnel. This is the L line. Way downtown. We move past the train. Tracking very fast into

THE TUNNEL

finally stopping after a hundred yards or so. Way up the tracks. Something's down there. Jesus Christ. Kaylor's C-4 plastic explosive. Stuck to the track. Timer attached to it. Ticking away. About to run out. Now here comes

MONEY TRAIN A

rising into view. Picking up speed. Barreling right at us. Headlight reflecting off glistening walls. Chewing up the dark. Getting louder. Much closer. Just before it gets here

THE C-FOUR EXPLODES

ripping a big hole in the earth. Terrible sound. Hunks of metal and gravel ricochet off the goddam ceiling. Seconds later. Money Train A slams into that hole. Suddenly derailed.

About two thousand tons of high speed locomotion. Jolted sideways. Crashing into the fucking rock face. God-awful shrieking noise. Sparks fly. Sound is earsplitting. The ground actually shudders.

Money Train A. Off the tracks now. Propelled by its forward momentum. Bouncing about twenty more yards in the dirt. Brakes howling. Finally lurching to a stop. Leaning sideways. At a really weird angle.

IN THE CAB

The motorman. Guy named SPICER. Half-deaf from all that noise. Staring out at the tunnel. Somebody pounding on the steel door behind him. Spicer gets it open. Here's Hendricks:

HENDRICKS
The fuck happened?

SPICER
I don't know, man. Rail failure maybe? I think I heard something explode.
(grabbing mike)
RTO Command, this is Special Train A, I am off the tracks. Repeat. I am off the tracks. Over?

CUT TO:

PROVOLONE

in RTO Command. Working his console. Large clock on the wall. Says 11:15. Right beside the big board. Provolone has a party hat on. Some idiot tried to decorate his bureaucratic tomb. Provolone hits switches. Talking to a mike:

PROVOLONE
Say again, Special Train A?

SPICER (ON CONSOLE, OS)
I am off the tracks. About a hundred yards from the South Ferry platform. Some kind of explosion. You better get people down here. Fast!

PROVOLONE
(into Mike)
Hold on, Train A.

Provolone glances over his shoulder. Seeing a glass enclosed office. Kowalski is in there. At his desk. He's got a hat too. A green one. Provolone shouting:

PROVOLONE (Cont'd)
Can you come out here, sir?

CUT TO:

WINGATE

TA Supervisor in charge of Money Trains. Talking to a tight-ass woman with a lot of hair. Wingate looking real suave in a

tailored tux. At some rich people's party. Plush Manhattan high rise. Uptight people. Chatting in clenched tones.

Spectacular view out the windows. Dew-lapped butler in livery. Approaching Wingate now. Whispering something. Wingate leaves. Follows the butler to the far end of the room. Picking up a phone:

WINGATE
(into phone)
This better be important.
(listening)
Slow down, dammit. What kind of explosion?
(listening)
Alright. I want you to close the South Ferry Station.
(beat)
I know it's New Year's Eve. Call channel three. Get them to announce a rail failure and suggest alternate connections. Get cops up there. All that you can find. But do not mention that train.
(listening)
Yes. I want it surrounded by every cop on duty. As soon as you can.
(listening)
You can call him too. I'll be right there. If there's a problem, I'll need the board.

CUT TO:

FREEMAN

Across from Maria. In The Blue Note. Combo taking a break. Still pretty loud in here. Freeman staring at Maria. Oblivious to the noise. She just told him. She and Kaylor are history.

FREEMAN
That's the dumbest thing I ever heard. I'll talk to him.

MARIA
It's no good, John. I made up my mind. It's better this way. Believe me.

FREEMAN
The guy's walking away from everything a man could ask for.

MARIA
He doesn't see it that way. I don't want you to say anything. Please?

Freeman's not listening. Something's happening on the TV. Over at the bar. Can't hear above the noise. A newscaster is talking. There's an insert of the South Ferry Station beside her head.

Freeman wonders about it. Something about the South Ferry Station. What is it? Here comes Shirley Jeanne. Pushing through the crowd. Maria watches her dump drinks on the table. She's yelling at Freeman over the noise:

SHIRLEY JEANNE
What time is it?

FREEMAN
(checking watch)
Eleven-twenty.

SHIRLEY JEANNE
I was supposed to give you this at eleven o'clock. I was stuck over at the bar.

She digs in her pocket. Comes up with an envelope. Handing it to Freeman. Maria sips her bourbon. Shirley Jeanne takes off. Freeman opens the envelope. Staring at a single sheet of paper. Writing on it says:

FORTY SECOND STREET MAINTENANCE ROOM
UNTIL EXACTLY 12:48
THEN I'M GONE

Freeman's mouth opens. Nothing comes out. The combo is climbing back on the stage. Freeman's on his feet now. Shouting at Maria:

FREEMAN
Can you get home alright?

MARIA
(re: note)
Is that from David?

FREEMAN
Just go home.

He's off. Maria frowns at his back. Watching him shove through the crowd. Like he was nuts or something. She glances at the TV. Trying to hear what that announcer is saying. Something about the South Ferry Station.

CUT TO:

KAYLOR

in his ski mask. Standing in the moving Garbage Train cab. Pointing his .45 at the motorman. Guy named EDDIE, fifties, black. Hank's on the floor, cuffed to a pipe. Kaylor's pulling wires on a console. Eddie watches him. Alarmed:

EDDIE
The fuck you doing, man?

KAYLOR
Just drive!

EDDIE
You taking out the fail-safe system. Why you wanna do that?

No answer. Kaylor keeps pulling wires. Eddie stares at the tunnel ahead. Illuminated by a headlight. Sneaking a look down at Hank. Hank rolling his eyes. Jesus Christ.

CUT TO:

FREEMAN'S TOYOTA

rocketing out of an underground garage. Doing about fifty in a circular ramp. Tires shrieking. Really loud sound. Like twelve dozen pigs getting murdered.

Toyota thunders out of the circular ramp. Approaching the street. Suddenly stopping. Fishtailing sideways. Brakes locked up.

IN THE TOYOTA

Freeman's standing on the brakes. Staring through the windshield. Some guy and three chicks. Directly in his path. Stoned out of their gourds. Freeman pounds his horn:

FREEMAN
Get out of the way!

Bastards taking their time. Freeman checks his watch. 11:32. Hits his horn again. Popping his clutch. Burning rubber. Zipping past the drunks. Hitting the street. Going half a block. Stopping. Fuck. Wall to wall traffic.

FREEMAN (Cont'd)
Goddammit!

CUT TO:

WINGATE

in his tux. Leaving an elevator in TA headquarters. In a

hurry. Kowalski waiting for him. So nervous. Forgot to take his party hat off. The two men. Moving down a hallway. Very fast:

WINGATE
Talk to me.

KOWALSKI
South Ferry Station is shut down. I've ordered all uniformed personnel --

WINGATE
Are talking to the train?

KOWALSKI
Yes. He's just sitting on the tracks. My guess is it's only a rail failure. We --

WINGATE
You think I'm interested in your guesses? There's twenty million in that train, you idiot.
(turning)
Take that goddam hat off.

KOWALSKI
Yessir, sorry.

Kowalski removes the hat. Looking for a place to dump it. Tossing it in the trash. Following his boss through some doors. Vanishing into RTO Command. Noisy in there.

CUT TO:

THE GARBAGE TRAIN

slowing down in the maintenance room. Just north of the 42nd Street Station. Familiar environs. We saw Bus Stop level some Karma here. Seems like six lifetimes ago.

IN THE CAB

of the Garbage Train. Eddie neutralizes the throttle. Easing to a stop. Hank still on the floor. Hooked to the pipe. Behind him, Kaylor is waving that .45:

KAYLOR
Stand up.
(Eddie does)
Gimme your hand.
(Eddie does)
What's your name?

EDDIE
Eddie Johnson.

KAYLOR
(cuffing him to a rail)
How much money you make a year, Eddie? Thirty thousand? Something like that?
(Eddie nods)
You play along. Work with me. You, your partner and the guy in the back make a hundred grand in less than an hour. What do you think?

EDDIE
I think you got a furnace in your head, man.

KAYLOR
That's good, Eddie. I like that. I got a furnace in my head.
(leaving)
Don't go away.

Kaylor grabs his bag. Splitting now. Eddie frowns. Looking down at the Hank on the floor. Hank rolling his eyes again. He does that a lot.

EDDIE
Listen to this. Crazy white dude gonna give us a hundred large for helping him rob a Garbage Train.

HANK
Happy fucking New Year.

CUT TO:

FREEMAN

going insane behind the wheel of his Toyota. Stuck in traffic. Horns blaring all around him. Checking his watch. It's 11:45. Leaning out the window:

FREEMAN
Move it, you goddam pissant!
(more horns)
Shit.

He's getting desperate. Spots a driveway. Off to his left. Sidewalk pretty clear to the end of the block. Three or four groups of drunks walking. Hell with it.

Freeman spins the wheel. Hard left. Stomps on the gas. Leaving half his tires on the pavement behind. Whipping across the street. Right between two cars.

Hitting the driveway. Turning right. Racing down the sidewalk. Holy shit. Bumpy ride. Narrowly avoiding the drunks. Colliding with a stoop. Bad noise. Hammering the curb at thirty.

Blitzing the intersection. Sideswiping a beer truck. Standing on the gas. Grinding gears. Tires shriek. Horns blare. Moving now. Times Square still a long ways off.

Freeman driving like crazy. Opening his glove box. Got a handset radio in there. Turning it on now. Finding the channel he wants. Turning up the volume. Hearing Wingate's voice. Wingate talking with Spicer.

WINGATE (OS)
(on handset)
How far out of the South Ferry platform are you?

SPICER
Three hundred yards, maybe. But I heard something. I mean it could have been an explosion.

CUT TO:

WINGATE AND SPICER

INTERCUT Wingate in RTO Command on Provolone's console. Room's jammed. Big board flashing behind Wingate. Spicer in the cab of Money Train A. Very shook up. Hendricks listening over Spicer's shoulder:

WINGATE
Goddammit! Was it an explosion or not?

SPICER
I'm not sure of anything, sir. All I know is we're off the tracks.

WINGATE
That's not good enough.
(thinking)
Hendricks, are you there?

HENDRICKS
(leaning in)
Yes, sir.

WINGATE
If anyone attempts to enter the train, I want you to use whatever means you can to stop them.

HENDRICKS
Yessir.

WINGATE
There should be backup arriving at your location any second now.

CUT TO:

FLASHLIGHT BEAMS

lots of them. In the tunnel outside the South Ferry Platform. Somebody whispering. Face appears from the dark. SERGEANT PATRICK WEBB. In charge of thirteen very nervous Transit Cops. Suddenly we see

MONEY TRAIN A

revealed in Webb's flashlight beam. It's still off the tracks. Leaning at that goofy angle. Silence. Webb turns to a kid with frightened eyes. Whispering:

WEBB
Take six guys and check out the other side. But be careful.

Kid leaves. Taking half the men. Something on the ground catches Webb's eye. He picks it up. Small piece of the timer.

Webb kneels. Shining his light on the ground. Finds a piece of track. Spots the big hole in the dirt. Studies the hole. Unclipping his handset:

WEBB (Cont'd)
(into handset)
RTO Command. This is sergeant Webb. I'm on the scene at the South Ferry Station. We have a big problem.

CUT TO:

KAYLOR

in his ski mask. Running like a bat out of hell. In a tunnel. Somewhere north of the maintenance room. Skidding to a stop by a switch box. Gasping. Searching his bag. Finding

a pencil-size flashlight. Turning it on. Shining it on the switch box. Opening it.

Inside, there's a toggle-like thing. Has MANUAL written on it. Kaylor throws it. Sprints quickly to a rusted iron switching gate. Hasn't been used in years. Kaylor trying to move it now. Straining. Fucker's stuck. Takes everything he has. Finally it gives a little. And

THE TRACKS

inch slightly to the left. Kaylor still pushing hard on the switching gate. Tracks move some more. Finally locking into position. Done. Any traffic coming south will be sidetracked to the maintenance room. Kaylor checks his watch. 11:58. No time to celebrate. Picks up his bag. Running again.

CUT TO:

FREEMAN

behind the wheel in his Toyota. Still listening to his handset. Stopped dead in unbelievable traffic. Horns blaring all around him. Freeman checks his watch. 12:00 exactly.

WEBB (ON HANDSET, OS)
The charges were rigged with some kind of timing device. I have men checking the front of the car now.

FREEMAN
(to himself)
Goddammit, David!

Freeman feels helpless. Crowds of people spill into the street. Screaming and yelling. A fucking madhouse. Drunk looms up in the windshield. Shouting in at Freeman:

DRUNK
Happy New Year!

FREEMAN
Get off the car!

Drunk staggers away. Freeman's had it. Thinks about giving up. Glances out the window. Spots a subway entrance. Gets an idea. Might work. He kills the engine. Grabs his handset. Opens the door. Steps out

IN THE STREET

leaving his car behind. Moving fast. Racing for the subway entrance. Hurling people out of his way. Disappearing down

some stairs. Behind him, a growing mountain of sound. Horns honking. People shouting. Engines revving. All rising up to a frozen cobalt sky.

CUT TO:

WINGATE .

in RTO Command. Off to the side. Talking to CAPTAIN MILLS, TA Command Officer. Surrounded by Pandemonium. People communicating with trains. On phones. Clock on the wall says 12:01. Wingate studying the big board. Thinking hard.

MILLS
Could have been vandals.

WINGATE
Don't be stupid. Vandals don't use plastic explosives.

MILLS
But nobody's trying to hit the train. It makes no sense.

WINGATE
Maybe it was a distraction of some kind.

MILLS
A what?

WINGATE
We have two Money Trains on the tracks tonight, Captain. There's a rate change tomorrow. And people are hoarding. Remember?
(beat)
This could be just a diversion. Force us to overreact. Commit everything we have downtown.
(to Kowalski)
Get me the motorman on the second Money Train. Now, dammit!

CUT TO:

FREEMAN

walking in place. Holding his handset. Checking his watch. 12:07. He's about to lose his mind. Standing on a crowded subway platform. Under an arrow that points to Times Square. Waiting. Revelers everywhere. Like every loony dickhead in the world is out here tonight. Kowalski's voice on handset:

KOWALSKI (ON HANDSET, OS)
Money Train B. Money Train B.
This is RTO Command. Do you copy?

MOTORMAN'S VOICE (ON HANDSET, OS)
This is Money Train B.

KOWALSKI (ON HANDSET, OS)
I have a supervisor that needs
to talk to you.

FREEMAN
(frustrated)
Jesus Christ, David. They figured
it out.

Train pulls in. Stops. Freeman fights for position. Piling on the car. Doors close. Train starts moving. Look at Freeman. Pressed close to the window. Going away in that train. Heading for Times Square. Oh, boy.

CUT TO:

KAYLOR

still running in the tunnel. Lungs bursting. Breath pouring from his ski mask. Coming to a stop. Leaning on the wall. Got a fucking side ache. Checking his watch. 12:08. No time to rest. Pulling the flashlight from his pocket. Shining it around. Finding what he's looking for.

A large metal conduit runs along the wall. Five feet off the ground. Kaylor drags a hacksaw from his bag. Reaching up for the conduit. Cutting into it with the saw. Tough going. Cold as hell. Goddam hands are shaking. Dropping the saw. Kneeling down for it:

KAYLOR
Shit!

CUT TO:

LOOMIS

pot-bellied, early-forties. Motorman assigned to the second Money Train. Loomis waiting in his cab. At the Dyckman Street Station. North of Times Square. He's on the radio.

INTERCUT Loomis in his cab and Wingate in RTO Command. Wingate sitting at Provolone's console. People shouting. Phones ringing. Clock says it's 12:10. Mills behind Wingate. Big board lit up like a Christmas tree.

LOOMIS
No, sir. Like I said. Everything's running smooth. Guards are making a pickup. Two more in the car behind me. Just like in the manual.

WINGATE
Put the security supervisor on the minute he returns. Do you understand?

LOOMIS
Absolutely. He should be here any minute.
(squinting)
Matter of fact, I see him coming now. If you'll hang on just a minute...

Loomis looking though the windshield. His POV. Here comes a guy strutting through a crowd. Coming closer. Jesus Christ. It's that trigger-happy bastard

SLOAN OUTSIDE

on the platform. Heading for Money Train B. Carrying his big Heckler nine millimeter. People getting out of his way. Sloan enjoying himself. Hell of a guy.

Approaching the train now. Waving at Loomis. Two guards, Jones and O'Brien, money bags stuffed. Right behind Sloan. Door opens. Sloan, Jones and O'Brien step inside. Doors close. Money Train B starts moving. Very slow.

CUT TO:

KAYLOR

in the tunnel way ahead of Money Train B. Working his hacksaw. Cutting into that conduit. Hacksaw blades break. Son-of-a-bitch. Now what? Kaylor digs in his bag. Finding the crowbar. Reaching for the conduit.

He pries open what's left of the metal casing. Exposing a maze of rainbow colored wires. About fifteen inches around. Kaylor holds the flashlight in his teeth. Working furiously. Hunting for the right combination of wires. Checking his watch. 12:13. Son-of-a-bitch.

CUT TO:

FREEMAN

riding in a crammed subway car. Everybody shouting about the New Year. Train pulls into a station. Freeman waits for people to get off. Checks his watch. 12:15.

MECHANICAL VOICE
All aboard for Times Square.
Doors closing.

Freeman sweats. Trying to will the goddam train to move. Watching the doors close. Lights dim. Moving again. Voices on his handset:

WINGATE (ON HANDSET, OS)
There's been a problem at the South Ferry Station.

SLOAN (ON HANDSET, OS)
What kind of problem?

WINGATE (ON HANDSET, OS)
Never mind that. I want to know if you've noticed anything out of the ordinary?

CUT TO:

SLOAN AND WINGATE

INTERCUT Sloan in the moving cab of Money Train B. Talking on Loomis' radio. Pulling out of Dyckman Street Station. Wingate at Provolone's console in the noisy RTO Command:

SLOAN
No, sir. There's a lot of crazy people out there tonight. But we are right on schedule.

WINGATE
I want you to stay awake.

SLOAN
Nothing to worry about, sir.

WINGATE
Bullshit. I want you to worry. I want you to get very worried and stay that way. Do you hear me?

SLOAN
Yes, sir.

Sloan replacing the radio. In a panel beside Loomis. Loomis shaking his head. Checking his watch. Glancing up at Sloan:

LOOMIS
That supervisor. A little nervous, is he?

SLOAN
You know, I think something happens to a human being when he puts on a suit. Telling me to stay awake. Does he think I'm walking around with my eyes closed? I mean, what the hell could possibly happen to us in here?

OUTSIDE THE CAB

Money Train B. Tracking fast. In the tunnel. Solid rock flying by. Wheels yammering on steel rails. We start inching slowly backwards. Back around. To the rear of the speeding cab. Look at that.

It's Kaylor's radio scrambler. Taped to the cab. Timer runs out. A humming sound. From the cupcake looking thing. Barely audible over the noise. Money Train B. Cut off from the outside world now. Kaylor's scrambler. Working.

CUT TO:

FREEMAN

arriving at the Times Square Station. Upper level. Big clock on the wall says 12:24. Fucking people everywhere. Freeman shoves through the crowd. Spotting a stairway. Trying to get over there. Elbows past some skinheads. Here's a guy with a Swastika on his arm. Grabbing Freeman.

SKINHEAD
Hey, nigger? Who you think you are?

Freeman gotta keep moving. Tries to step around the freak. Skinhead blocks his way. Freeman pulls his Glock. Big nine millimeter. Ugly black thing. Pointing it right at the skinhead's nose. Very steady:

FREEMAN
What I am motherfucker, is in a hurry. I got no time to take out trash.

SKINHEAD
Hey! I didn't mean nothing.

FREEMAN
Then that's what you should have said.
(hot)
Get the fuck out of my way!

Skinhead moving now. Scared. Stepping left. Bumping into people. Freeman shoves past. Pushing through the crowd again. Heading for the stairs. Large wall clock says 12:27.

CUT TO:

LOOMIS

in the motorman's chair. Money Train B. Sloan's behind him. Loomis got some whiskey in his lunch pail. Gets it out. Offering some to Sloan. Sloan don't want any.

LOOMIS
C'mon, man. Lighten up. It's New Years.

SLOAN
(taking it)
OK. But I swear to God, Loomis. You ever tell anybody about this. I'll kill you.

CUT TO:

KAYLOR

in the tunnel. Flashlight in his teeth. Still sorting wires. Holding a big bolt cutter. Money Train B is coming. He can hear it. Coming from the north. Getting closer every second. Kaylor panicking.

Finally finding the right wires. Got about ten blue ones in his right hand. Bolt cutter in the left. Train almost on him now. Headlight turning the tunnel into a fire-storm. Very loud. Bolt cutters flash. Wires are sliced clean.

SLAM CUT TO:

THE BIG BOARD

in RTO Command. Going down. Lights off. Clock on the wall says 12:30. Right on the button. Pandemonium. Everybody shouting at once. Wingate over by the door with Mills. His voice rises above the panic. Yelling at Kowalski:

WINGATE
Stop the trains!

KOWALSKI
(into mike on console)
This is RTO Command. All trains stop. Code three. Repeat, all trains stop!

WINGATE
Get the backup system on-line --

KOWALSKI
Take a few minutes --

WINGATE
I know how long it will take, you fucking dolt. I programmed it myself. Get started.
(Kowalski moving)
Do we have power?

PROVOLONE
Yes, sir. Only the board seems to have been affected.

MILLS
What the hell happened?

Here comes Wingate. Mills trailing along. People shout. Talking to the trains. Big board like a dead animal. Just hanging there on the wall. Wingate turning on Mills:

WINGATE
I want all available personnel on complete alert. Now!

MILLS
What personnel for Chrissake? They're all down at South Ferry!

CUT TO:

LOOMIS

in the moving cab of Money Train B. Sloan leaning in the open door. Looking through the windshield. Spots something. Just a glance. Looked like a man. Running by the tracks:

SLOAN
You see that?

LOOMIS
See what?

CUT TO:

THE SWITCHING STATION

Just ahead of Money Train B. Here comes the train now. Wide open. Barreling through the dark. Suddenly it veers. Hard to the left.

Doing about fifty when it hits the siding. Old rusted rails. Groaning hard. Unaccustomed to the freight. Dust flies. Ties shatter. Awesome sound.

IN THE CAB

Loomis screaming. Sloan hanging onto the door. Fighting to keep his goddam balance. Real loud in here. Loomis pulls on the brake. Feet braced against the bulkhead. Sloan bellowing over the noise:

SLOAN
What the fuck is it?

LOOMIS
(screaming)
Somebody sidetracked us. We're gonna crash. Hang on! We're gonna crash!

IN THE MAINTENANCE ROOM

Money Train B erupts from the shadows. Brakes shrieking. Sparks pouring from the wheels. Like a thousand knives on a great big grinding stone. End of the track is just ahead.

Money Train B stops inches from the edge. Literally inches. A fucking miracle. Money Train B. Standing now. Parallel to the Garbage Train. Parked and waiting on another track. Jesus Christ. Here comes

KAYLOR

sprinting through arctic gloom. Racing for the rear of Money Train B. Reaching a ladder. Moving fast. Climbing up the back of the train. Heading for the roof. Still got his bag. Lungs bursting. Freezing air setting his insides on fire.

IN THE CAB

Loomis waits in a world of silence. Heart pounding. Staring out at the dark. Spotting the Garbage Train to his left. Sloan's on one knee. Trying to stand. A shadow in the door. Behind Sloan. It's O'Brien:

O'BRIEN
Somebody's on the roof!

SLOAN
(to Loomis)
Get on the radio! Call for help. Tell 'em what's happened.
(moving)
I'm locking this door from the inside. Good luck!

LOOMIS
Wait a minute!

Sloan slams the heavy door. Loomis can hear him bolting it. Fuck. He's all alone now. Really spooked. Grabbing the radio. Shouting in the mike:

LOOMIS (Cont'd)
RTO Command. This is Money Train B. I'm on a sidetrack north of Times Square. Reporting a robbery in progress. Over?
(silence)
RTO Command. This is Money Train B. Reporting a ten-thirty in progress. Do you copy? Over?

No answer. Radio's dead. He drops it. Stares out the window. Wants to run. Nowhere to go. Hears something. A scraping sound. Glancing up. Over his head

ON THE ROOF

Kaylor's pulling pins on teargas cannisters. Dropping them through the ventilation ducts. Moving methodically over the top of the cars. Finally reaching the end. Popping the last one. Dropping it in.

Racing back now. Opening his bag. Getting out the tranquilizer pistols. Making sure they're loaded. Placing them in a row on the roof. Checking his watch. 12:31. Waiting. Chest heaving. Steam pours from his mask.

CUT TO:

FREEMAN

on the bottom platform in the Times Square Station. Shoving through another crowd. People yelling. Complaining about delays. Freeman checks his watch. 12:32. Shit. There's a train ahead. Half in and half out of a tunnel. Another one on the opposite track. All stopped. Voices on Freeman's handset:

KOWALSKI (ON HANDSET, OS)
Money Train B. Money Train B. Can you hear me? Money Train B. Do you copy?

Freeman moving through the crowd. Everybody pissed off. Lots of shouting. Why are the fucking trains stopped? It's a zoo. Turning ugly.

Freeman at the end of the platform now. Jumping down on the

tracks. Squeezing into the tunnel. Squeezing in beside that stopped train. Tight fit.

CUT TO:

SLOAN COUGHING

sick as a dog. Inside his Money Train. Ripping off his shirt. Holding it over his face. Jones, O'Brien and the other guards retching. Bedlam. Bags of money everywhere. Visible through toxic haze. Teargas. Motherfucker.

O'BRIEN
(choking)
Shoot through the roof!

SLOAN
Won't work!

JONES
I can't take it! I can't!

SLOAN
(gagging)
Stay put!

O'BRIEN
I gotta get outta here!

O'Brien staggers for the door. Dragging it open. Jumping to the ground. Everybody else follows. Not Sloan. Sick to death. He stays put. What a guy.

ON THE ROOF

Kaylor shoots the guards as they stagger out. Tranq guns pop. Kaylor picking those guards off. One by one. It's so easy. They're blinded. Coughing hard. Stunned. Falling to the ground. Asleep for three hours. One more left. Where the hell is he? Kaylor waiting. Finally here comes

SLOAN

charging out of the car. Holding his shirt to his face. Gagging. Turning around. Firing his MP 5K. Shooting blind. Very loud. Slugs ricochet off the ceiling. Kaylor ducks. Falling flat. Shooting his tranq gun.

Sloan's hit in the chest. Blundering around. Falling to his knees. Still shooting. Some kind of reflex. Blowing the shit out of the dirt at his feet. Falling forward now. Flat on his face. Sloan gone. Kaylor moving again.

CUT TO:

FREEMAN

running hard in the tunnel. North of Times Square. Stopping suddenly. Hearing the echo of gunfire. Kowalski's voice on handset. Still trying to reach Money Train B. Freeman gritting his teeth. Running again. Really booking now. Getting desperate:

FREEMAN
Goddammit, David!

CUT TO:

WINGATE

surrounded by chaos in RTO Command. Everything's falling apart. Big crisis. Console operators busy. Talking to trains. Answering phones. Wingate paces back and forth. Mills leaning on a console.

WINGATE
(to Kowalski)
Try him again, dammit!

KOWALSKI
(into mike)
Money Train B. This is RTO Command. Do you read? Over?
(nothing)
Money Train B. Come in please. State your position. Over?
(glancing up)
Nothing, sir.

Wingate turns to the big board. That dead thing on the wall. Fucking useless. Mills steps beside him. Wingate stews. Thinking out loud:

WINGATE
(to Mills)
He was just leaving Dyckman Station when we talked to him. How far could he go? He has to be somewhere between there and Times Square.

MILLS
That's a lot of track.

WINGATE
I know how much track it is. I have eyes don't I?
(sharply)
Get some uniforms over there and find that train.

MILLS
I don't have any uniforms, Troy. How many times do I have to tell you? You ordered me to send them all to the South Ferry Station.

WINGATE
Well, get them back!

MILLS
The backup system will be on-line in a matter of minutes. I can't get them there any faster than that.

CUT TO:

LOOMIS

lying on the cold ground. Sound asleep in the maintenance room. Sloan, Jones and O'Brien and the other guards close by. Dead to the world. Sloan actually snoring.

Eddie Johnson moving past now. Lugging plastic garbage bags. Stuffed with money. Carrying them from Money Train B. Loading them in the Garbage Train.

Hank and Joe doing the same thing. Working like beavers. Kaylor right beside them. Also working. 45 in his belt. No need for it. He's got new partners. Kaylor checks his watch. 12:33.

KAYLOR
Thirteen minutes.

EDDIE
No way we can empty that train in thirteen minutes, dude.

KAYLOR
Get what you can. Extra fifty grand to the one who carries the most.

HANK
Who's keeping count?

EDDIE
Me. I'm counting. You and Joe be one bag behind.

HANK
Bullshit, man!

Eddie picks up another bag. Carrying three at a time now. Straining under the weight. Heading for the Garbage Train. Kaylor moves off in the dark.

KAYLOR
Keep at it.

CUT TO:

FREEMAN

racing out of the tunnel. Entering the maintenance room. Stopping on a dime. Exhausted from all that running. Spots the two trains. The flurry of activity. Shadow in the dark to his left. Fuck. It's Kaylor. In a ski mask for Chrissake. Pointing a .45.

KAYLOR
I wondered if you'd make it.

FREEMAN
(re: radio)
You gotta get out of here.
They're on to you for Chrissake.

KAYLOR
They'll never make it in time.
Wanna bet a hundred bucks on it?

FREEMAN
(stepping forward)
You're coming with me.

KAYLOR
Hold it right there, Johnny.
I'll drill you if you try and
stop me. I swear I will.

Freeman stops. Staring at his friend. Is he serious? Freeman shivers. More than cold. Kaylor takes off his mask. Staring at Freeman. Holding his pistol steady. Eyes like holes in a soiled sheet:

FREEMAN
Why are you doing this?

KAYLOR
I told you, man. It's a way
out. That money's gonna buy
me a new life. I'll be in
Bermuda day after tomorrow.
And then who knows?

FREEMAN
(moving again)
They still don't know who you are. Let's get the fuck out of here!

KAYLOR
Stay put, dammit!
(Freeman stops)
Half the money is yours.

FREEMAN
(shouting)
I don't want the goddam money!

KAYLOR
Then what do you want? Why did you come? To kick my ass?
(sarcastic)
Or did you just want to save me from myself? Something corny like that. Save the little brother from hurting himself?

FREEMAN
David, listen to me --

KAYLOR
(fiercely)
You don't get it do you? You're a worse thief than I'll ever be.

FREEMAN
(stunned)
What?

KAYLOR
You stole everything from me. My whole fucking life. Always telling me what to do.

FREEMAN
That's a fucking lie!

Freeman charges. Blind with rage. Hell with that gun. Kaylor steps sideways. Bringing the automatic down. Butt first. Slamming it in the side of Freeman's face. Knocking him silly.

Freeman falls. Toppling in the dirt. Lights out. Kaylor stares down at him. Blinking. Terrible conflict. Kneeling beside Freeman now. Studying his old friend's face:

KAYLOR
Hell, man. What'd you wanna do that for?

Freeman's out cold. Kaylor's tormented. Nothing to say. Nothing to do. Remembering where he is. Checking his watch. 12:46. Standing. Shouting over at the Garbage guys:

KAYLOR (Cont'd)
Time!

CUT TO:

WINGATE

with Mills in RTO Command. Really crazy in here now. Phones ringing. People screaming. Mills on a radio. Kowalski at a console. Working the computer. Big board dead on the wall. Wingate yelling at Kowalski:

WINGATE
How much longer?

KOWALSKI
Two minutes.
(beat)
We have to get the trains moving once we're back on-line.

WINGATE
Hell we do.

KOWALSKI
People are starting to panic. It's New Year's Eve for God's sake. We'll have a riot!

WINGATE
Who the fuck cares? I want to know where Money Train B is.

KOWALSKI
But --

WINGATE
Alright! Start the goddam trains. But get that board up! You hear me?

CUT TO:

MONEY TRAIN B

backing out of the maintenance room. Re-entering the tunnel. Rear end first. Kaylor jogging alongside. Old rutted tracks complain. Couple more ties shatter.

IN THE CAB

Eddie works the throttle. Hank and Joe are behind him in the car. Just look at them. Through that door. Stuffing their pockets. Hank and Joe. In the grip of it now. Discovering the concept of more.

OUTSIDE

in the tunnel. Kaylor at the switching station. Watching Money Train B. Watching it back onto the main tracks and stop. Now Kaylor. Leaning on that rusted lever. Putting the tracks back in place. Done. Kaylor sprinting back to the cab. Shouting up at Eddie:

KAYLOR
Get it moving.

Train starts to move. Heading down the main tracks. Joe and Hank jump down. Bills coming out of every pocket. Eddie jumps off too. Everybody watches that train. Creeping slowly away. Kaylor glances at Eddie:

KAYLOR (Cont'd)
Better run.

EDDIE
Don't have to tell me twice.

KAYLOR
The trick is, Eddie. You don't tell anybody anything.

HANK
Me, I got nothing to say. I'm going to Florida.

JOE
Fuck that, man. I'm gonna buy Florida.

KAYLOR
There's an idea.

Kaylor leaves. Hank, Eddie and Joe watch Money Train B move away. Fucking ghost train. Three garbage guys. Letting it sink in. Glancing at each other. Jesus Mary. Hank, Eddie and Joe. They're gone.

CUT TO:

THE BIG BOARD

Coming back on-line. Lights flashing all over the place. Clock on the wall says 12:48. Every goddam phone in the room is ringing. Kowalski shouts into his radio on the console:

KOWALSKI
All trains start! Repeat. We're back on-line. All trains start.

MILLS
(re: board)
Where's the second Money Train? I don't see it.

WINGATE
Wait a minute.
(looking)
There he is. Heading for Times Square.

MILLS
(grinning)
So there's no problem. He's right where he's supposed to be.

WINGATE
Maybe.
(to Kowalski)
See if his radio is working yet. I want to talk to that motorman.

CUT TO:

FREEMAN

waking up in the maintenance room. Disoriented. Struggling to surface. Head killing him. Blood on his face. Big cut in his forehead. Spotting the Garbage Train. Kaylor must be in the cab.

Kaylor's train heading for a tunnel. Far side of the maintenance room. Freeman staggers after it. Feeling dizzy. No way he can catch that train. Shit. Getting an idea. It's a long shot. Freeman working his handset:

FREEMAN
(into handset)
Times Square signal tower. Times Square signal tower. Do you copy?

INTERCUT between Freeman in the maintenance room and Charlie Purnel. Freeman's old friend. Purnel in Times Square signal tower. On the wall beside Purnel there's a small board with lights:

PURNEL
(into radio)
This is Times Square signal tower. Identify yourself.

FREEMAN
Charlie? Is that you? This is John Freeman.

PURNEL
Hey, man. What's going on? All hell's breaking loose around here.

FREEMAN
Look at your traffic. There's a train leaving the maintenance room north of Times Square. What line is he on?

PURNEL
P line. Heading for Brooklyn. Man, he's moving. What's going on, John?

FREEMAN
I want you to forget we ever had this conversation. No matter what happens. Can you do that?

PURNEL
For you, man. Anything.

Freeman shuts off the handset. Heading back the way he came. Running through the dark. Picking up speed. Fast as he can go. Disappearing into a tunnel.

CUT TO:

THE EMPTY CAB

inside Money Train B. Rattling right along. Throttle jammed. Eddie stuck a piece of wood in there. Wheels clattering. Nobody driving. Kowalski on the radio:

KOWALSKI (ON HANDSET, OS)
Money Train B. This is RTO Command. Answer please.

Very spooky. Lights flickering. Everything vibrating. Here comes a station. Times Square. Passing right through the station now. Peoples' faces outside

ON THE PLATFORM

watching the Money Train move on by. Not seeing anything. These citizens of New York. Milling around. Waiting for trains. Unaware of the drama.

CUT TO:

WINGATE

watching the big board in RTO Command. Staring hard at a green light. It's going straight through Times Square. Phones still jumping. People yelling.

WINGATE
Money Train B didn't stop in Times Square. That's a designated stop. Why the fuck is he not stopping at Times Square?

KOWALSKI
I still can't get him on the radio.

WINGATE
Stop that train!

KOWALSKI
What about the other traffic?

WINGATE
I don't care about the other traffic. Now, do as I say. Cut off his power. Use the fail-safe.

Kowalski goes to work. Making it happen. Wingate turns to Mills. Eyes like fucking laser beams:

WINGATE (Cont'd)
What do you have close to Times Square? And don't tell me they're all at South Ferry.

MILLS
Well, Sergeant O'Riley's got a Decoy Unit working the Thirty Fourth Street Station --

WINGATE
Get him. Once he reaches the train, I want him on the horn to me. Move!

CUT TO:

O'RILEY

on the 34th Street platform. Watching Lonnie do the victim. Decoy Unit blending into a crowd. People everywhere. It's nuts. O'Riley's mobile phone rings. Keeps ringing. Angry, O'Riley punches it:

O'RILEY
This is a secure number. Who the hell --
(listens)
Yes, sir. Right now.

DEBBIE
(approaching)
Sarge?

O'RILEY
(shouting)
Forget it Lonnie. Abort the operation. Everybody come with me.

O'Riley takes off. Heading for some stairs. Pushing through the crowd. Decoy Unit follows. Trying to keep up. What's the big emergency?

CUT TO:

MONEY TRAIN B

slowing down in a tunnel, south of Times Square. North of 34th street. Lights popping on and off. Mondo spooky. This empty train.

Coasting through the dark. Like a wraith. Finally stopping on the tracks. Just standing there now. Full of ghosts. Looking very eerie.

CUT TO:

KAYLOR

in the Garbage Train cab. Motorman's chair. Staring out the windshield. Watching the tunnel ahead. Listening to cross-talk on the radio.

Hearing his wheels eat up the tracks. Reaching into his canvas bag. Got a pint of Jim Beam in there. Opening it now. Raising the bottle:

KAYLOR
Here's to you, old man. Wherever in hell you are.

Kaylor drinks. Winding his head. Foul tasting stuff. Does the trick though. Recaps the bottle. Returning it to his bag. Watching the headlight.

CUT TO:

FREEMAN

leaving Times Square Station. Hitting the noisy street at a dead run. Blood smeared on his face. He's a sight. Staring at the traffic. Cars are moving now. Stacked up, but moving. Freeman races to the curb. Jumping

IN A TAXI

pulling the rear door shut. Out of breath. Digging in his pocket. Feeling dizzy again. Glancing at a face in the rearview. Jesus Christ. Some fat lady in a Sufi turban. She's got huge glasses for God's sake. Freeman leans forward. Big bill in his mitt:

FREEMAN
See this?

SUFI LADY
That's a hunnerd bucks.

FREEMAN
It's all yours. If you get me where I want fast enough.

SUFI LADY
You serious?

FREEMAN
Like a heart attack.

SUFI LADY
(starting engine)
Where to and how fast?

FREEMAN
All the way cross town. 59th Street Station. Only you gotta do it faster than a subway train.

SUFI LADY
Hang on!

Lady hits the gas. Freeman slammed backwards. Horns shriek. Brakes scream. Freeman's really zooming now. Chick driving must weigh three hundred. She's actually standing on the accelerator. Fat lady leans on her horn. Taking a corner on two wheels. Glancing at Freeman in the rearview:

SUFI LADY
Is that blood on your face?

CUT TO:

O'RILEY

beside Money Train B. Dead in the tunnel. Doors wide open. Lights on. Debbie, Lonnie and the others moving in the dark. O'Riley's shining a flashlight on Kaylor's radio scrambler. Still taped to the cab.

INTERCUT O'Riley on his mobile phone in the tunnel and Wingate in RTO Command. Wingate extremely tense. O'Riley's voice amplified on a speaker.

O'RILEY
I think it's some kind of radio scrambler. I seen one like it in Vietnam.

WINGATE
Forget about it. I want you to check the cars again.

O'RILEY
I told you. There's nothing in there. Some of the money is left. But --

WINGATE
Check the cars again, dammit!

O'RILEY
Whatever you say.

CUT TO:

KAYLOR

in the motorman's chair. Slowing down for a curve. Spotting a flashing red light on a siding ahead. Pulling back on the throttle. Slowing to a stop:

KAYLOR
Shit.

Kaylor sitting in the cab now. Seeing the headlight from another train appear. Fucking cross-traffic. Kaylor stuck. Waiting. Impatiently.

CUT TO:

FREEMAN

bouncing around. In the backseat of the taxi. Trying to hang on. Horns honking. Sufi driver got her taxi wide open. Weaving through traffic. Pounding her horn. Shrieking over her engine:

SUFI LADY
Know what I'm gonna do with that hunnerd bucks? I'm gonna buy a lot of stuff for God. Fill up his dance card.

FREEMAN
(shouting back)
Just drive!

DRIVER LADY
What's it look like I'm doing? Frying a egg?

CUT TO:

THE TAXI

rocketing through traffic. Completely ballistic. Ripping down a one-way street. Wrong fucking way. Just missing a head-on. Blasting into an alley. Taking the corner on two wheels.

In the alley now. Engine howling. Slamming into some garbage. Stuff flying in the air. Reaching another street. Hanging a left. Hitting a curb. Sparks flying from the undercarriage. Roaring away. Trailing part of a cardboard box. Mother of God.

CUT TO:

KAYLOR

sitting in the motorman's chair. Watching the cross-traffic disappear up the tracks. Seeing the light change from red to green. Grabbing the accelerator. Starting to move again.

KAYLOR
Come on...come on!

CUT TO:

O'RILEY AND WINGATE

INTERCUT O'Riley on his mobile. Wingate at a console in RTO Command. O'Riley standing alone in the Money Train compartment. Looking around:

WINGATE
Describe everything to me.
Don't leave anything out.
Even the smallest detail.

O'RILEY
Well, there's a few bags of money. Some loose bills. Some teargas cannisters.

WINGATE
Yes.
(beat)
What else?

O'RILEY
I don't know what else to tell you. There's...
(stopping)
Wait a minute. Here's something.

WINGATE
What?
(impatient)
What is it?

O'RILEY
(kneeling down)
Looks like part of a garbage bag.

WINGATE
Say again?

O'RILEY
I think that's what it is. Piece of a garbage bag.

WINGATE
(quickly)
Stay where you are, sergeant. The money still in the train is your responsibility.
(hanging up)
They're in the Garbage Train.

KOWALSKI
Who?

WINGATE
(getting up)
Whoever robbed the train, you idiot. They're using a Garbage Train.

MILLS
Which one? There's fifteen Garbage Trains in operation tonight.

WINGATE
(stunned)
Fifteen?

He moves to the board. Staring hard at all those lights. Jesus. Fifteen Garbage Trains. Wingate grappling with it. Clearing his throat:

WINGATE
Alright. Let's narrow it down. Eliminate the trains that were too far away when the robbery happened.
(to Provolone)
We'll check the remaining trains one at a time. I want the drivers' personnel files. I'll talk to each one. Personally.
(sharply)
What are you staring at? Get moving!

CUT TO:

THE TAXI

Fishtailing to a stop. Tires shrieking. Smoke coming out of it. Outside the 59th Street Station. All the way across town from Times Square. Last Manhattan stop before the river. Freeman rips open the rear door. Leaping into

THE STREET

running as hard as he can. Slamming into pedestrians. Obscenities fly. Freeman pounds up the sidewalk. Grabs an iron railing. Spinning around. Heading down a

STAIRWAY

leading to the station. Three steps at a time. Losing his balance. Falling. Out of breath. Struggling upright. Forging ahead. Finally entering

A VAST ANTECHAMBER

at the bottom of the stairs. Posters on walls. There's a token booth. Sixty yards away. Freeman runs for it. Heels echoing on frozen concrete. Breath rasping.

Toothless wino watches him streak past. Twenty yards to go. Digging in his pocket. Pulling his shield. Holding it in the air. Dimly aware of a token taker in his booth. Vaulting the turnstile. Disappearing like a shot down a ramp.

CUT TO:

PROVOLONE

talking to Wingate in RTO Command. Seated at his console. He's worked out a list of Garbage Trains. Computer up and running. Wingate's paying close attention. Mills listening:

PROVOLONE
I did as you asked, sir. There are only seven Garbage Trains that could possibly be the one we want. And I have booted up the personnel files for each of the motormen in those trains.

KOWALSKI
We should call Con Ed and shut down the entire system.

WINGATE
(fiercely)
A minute ago you were talking about panic. What do you think would happen if we shut off the power? There'd be thousands of people trapped in the dark?

KOWALSKI
I just think that --

WINGATE
Don't think. The Money Trains are my responsibility. I am the largest single depositor in the entire Federal Reserve System. If a train is robbed, it's my head that will roll.

MILLS
What do you want to do?

WINGATE
What I don't want, is to make a mistake. Not now.
(studying board)
Seven trains...

CUT TO:

FREEMAN

rocketing down a ramp onto a platform. Leaning on a tiled wall. By a west side tunnel. Trying to get his wind. People stare at him. Everybody wary of this black dude with blood on his face. Freeman turns. Listening hard. Train's coming. Freeman shouts at people on the platform:

FREEMAN
Get the fuck out of my way!

People back off. Freeman eyes the platform. About fifty yards long. Just might make it. Gotta try. Train almost on him. Freeman grits his teeth. Starting to run again.

THE GARBAGE TRAIN

explodes out of the tunnel. Doing fifty at least. Freeman running hard now. Legs pumping. Head back. Neck muscles straining. Racing across the platform.

People scramble out of his way. Freeman's racing in tandem with the speeding train. Train starting to pull away. Twenty more yards. Fifteen. About to run out of platform now. Jesus God. Freeman leaps

IN THE AIR

Sailing out over the tracks. Slamming onto the rear of the last car. Almost falling. Clawing for a handhold. Grabbing the small railing. Dragging himself upright. Son-of-a-bitch. He made it. Everything goes black. He's

IN THE TUNNEL

Hanging onto the rail. Going very fast. Suddenly he's blasted right in the face. Holy shit. It's the rear door. Swinging free. Freeman fights it. Crazy look on his face. Gets the thing open. Entering the rear of the train.

CUT TO:

WINGATE

Staring up at the big board. Room quiet now. Everybody watching Wingate. Watching the man make up his mind. Mills chewing his lip. Provolone has to say something:

PROVOLONE
I have the motorman of the first Garbage Train on the line now, sir. You can talk to him.

WINGATE
How do we know he's not part of the robbery? There's not enough time to go through all those trains.
(to Kowalski)
Alright. I want you to stop each of the Garbage Trains on that list. Use the fail-safe.

KOWALSKI
I can only do that one at a time.

WINGATE
Goddammit. Move!

CUT TO:

KAYLOR

in the Garbage Train cab. Speeding. Headlight piercing the darkness. Cross-talk on the radio. Shadow rises up behind him. It's Freeman. Insane look on his face. Kaylor doesn't see him. Freeman holding his Glock. Shouting:

FREEMAN
Shut it down!

KAYLOR
(jumping)
Jesus Christ!
(turning)
You scared the piss out of me.
How in hell did you get --

FREEMAN
Shut it down!

Kaylor glances at the Glock. Then back at Freeman. The look in Freeman's eyes could open a safe. Kaylor turns in the chair now. Making no move to stop the train.

KAYLOR
You gonna shoot me with that?

FREEMAN
You can still get out of here. Those guys on the Garbage Train won't say anything.

KAYLOR
(grinning)
You son-of-a-bitch. I knock you over the head, diss you up one side and down another and you're still trying to save my ass. That's gotta be true love.

FREEMAN
Shut up!

KAYLOR
(passionate)
Come with me, Johnny. We can make it. I got a truck waiting at the dump. There's enough money back there to live forever.

FREEMAN
Stop the train!

KAYLOR
Listen to me. There's no way I can go back. There's nothing there for me. And I won't spend the rest of my life looking at you, feeling guilty.
(beat)
If you won't come with me, just let me go. C'mon, man. What do you say?

FREEMAN
(tormented)
You son-of-a-bitch. You had to do it. Didn't you? You had to throw everything away.

KAYLOR
Johnny, please --

FREEMAN
I'm not going to let you do it. I'm taking you out of here before it's too late. Now stop the train.
(no response)
You won't stop it, I will.

Freeman leans forward. Reaching for the throttle. Kaylor grabs the Glock. Striking like a cobra. Yanking Freeman off balance. The two struggle. Gun goes off. Windshield explodes.

Like thunder in a goddam phone booth. Kaylor slams Freeman in the face. Bringing an elbow from the floor. Gun sails through the shattered windshield. Freeman fights for balance.

Kaylor gets his shoulder into Freeman's chest. Grabbing hair. Driving Freeman backwards. Hitting a metal cabinet. Knocking Freeman sideways.

Impact rips the cabinet from the bulkhead. Cabinet topples forward. Hitting the throttle. Jamming it wide open. The train's accelerating now.

FREEMAN (Cont'd)
You son-of-a-bitch!

Freeman gets his left hand working. Pounding Kaylor's ear. Fighting for room in this tight space. Really crazy.

Kaylor reels backwards. Hand hitting a button. Doors fly open. Suddenly it's very loud.

Freezing air rushes into the cab. Gaining speed. Rocking from side to side. Kaylor hits Freeman in the chest. Spinning him around. Dragging him back into the car.

CUT TO:

KOWALSKI

throwing switches on his console. One at a time. Everybody in this room is on their feet now. Staring at the big board. Kowalski yells at Wingate:

KOWALSKI
Garbage Train number eleven is not responding. Fail-safe is not responding!

WINGATE
(studying board)
Where the hell is number eleven?

MILLS
(pointing)
There! Going into Brooklyn. Jesus. He's really moving.

WINGATE
(to Kowalski)
Call NYPD. Get them on the radio!

Kowalski goes to work. Wingate turns back to the board. Watching an amber light. Garbage Train eleven. Moving fast. Room very quiet. Mills thinking:

MILLS
He must have disconnected the fail-safe.

WINGATE
It doesn't matter. I've got him now. Look at where he is. I've got him.
(pointing)
He's going to come to the surface in a few minutes. That track is elevated all the way to the end.

KOWALSKI
NYPD on the line!

WINGATE
Tell them we have a code three emergency. I want cruisers on the street pacing the train. We need a helicopter.
(moving)
No wait. I'll talk to them myself.

CUT TO:

KAYLOR AND FREEMAN

Slugging it out in the Garbage Train car. Doors wide open. Arctic wind screams through the car. Bits of refuse clog the air. Freeman and Kaylor. Careening off the money bags. It's so loud. Kaylor over the edge now. Throwing blows from every direction.

Some demon with a nine iron is ripping divots in Kaylor's brain. But Freeman's no piece of cake. Holding his own. This is an awesome battle. Raging through the cars. Savage. Unpredictable and brutal. Years of sibling stuff. Boiling over.

Garbage bags are upended. Broken open. Bills swirl about in cryogenic air. Brittle leaves in a howling storm. Kaylor and Freeman. They keep fighting. Through the door

THE BROOKLYN SKYLINE

appears. Twinkling lights. Garbage Train's above ground now. Freeman nails Kaylor in the breastbone. Straight right hand. Makes his arm numb. Kaylor gulping for air.

Freeman hits him again. Kaylor grabs a handful of Freeman's shirt. Jerking him sideways. Everything spins. Both men fall. Exhausted. From the cab, voice on the radio. Barely audible over the noise.

WINGATE (OS)
(on radio)
Garbage Train eleven. Stop where you are. Garbage Train eleven...This is RTO Command!

KAYLOR
(to Freeman)
Goddam you. I could have made it!

Kaylor staggers upright. Driven by rage. Attacking again. Un-fucking believable. Gets Freeman in a headlock. Kaylor's arms are like steel.

Freeman groans. Trying to pull away. No good. Kaylor drops hard to his knee. Slamming Freeman's face into his kneecap. Neurons in Freeman's brain go away. Everything white:

FREEMAN
(shouting)
I can't see!

Kaylor's face is out of focus. He's moving through this pealing hurricane. Relentless. Approaching Freeman now. Madness in his eyes. Freeman stumbles backwards. Desperate. Hand reaching

OUTSIDE

feeling around. Grabbing a rail. Train gaining speed. Above the roar of cars and wind. Faint sound of sirens. Now Freeman swings out of the car at a forty-five degree angle. Hanging onto the rail.

Train's velocity holding him. Like a fucking ball on a piece of twine. Freeman using all his strength. Finds a foothold. Drags himself up the car. Climbing up

ON TOP

of the speeding train. Ears ringing. Losing his balance. Something in the night sky. A helicopter. Sweet Jesus. Something on the streets below.

Bubble-gumming cop cars. Sirens screaming. Helicopter hovering in eerie light. Spotlight shining down. Freeman bathed in light. Now here comes

KAYLOR

crawling onto the roof. Hair blowing all over the place. Nose bleeding. This is fucking insane. A primal howling chaos. Freeman waits. Kaylor staggering forward. Helicopter keeping pace with the speeding train.

Both men in the light now. Train bucking and rolling beneath them. Freeman and Kaylor squaring off. Freeman jabs. Bull's-eye. Kaylor's head rocks back. Kaylor grins. Really weird.

Kaylor goes balls up. Tackling Freeman. Both men reel backwards in a tempest of noise. Freeman struggles not to fall. Looking down. Holy shit. Sixty feet to the street. At this speed, he'd never survive. Freeman gets to his knees. Shouting over the wind. Kaylor hits him in the mouth.

Down-blast from the helicopter is enormous. Freeman rolls sideways. Almost falling. Kaylor's on him like glue. Prying at his hands. Trying to toss him off the train.

Freeman fights for his life. Loosing. Then Kaylor realizes what he's doing. Stops. Disoriented. Now he's dragging Freeman back onto the car. Hugging him. Shouting over the storm:

KAYLOR
Jesus Christ, Johnny...God...
I went crazy...

FREEMAN
(hollering)
You gotta stop the train. Dead Man's Curve!

KAYLOR
(bellowing)
What?!

FREEMAN
Dead Man's Curve! We'll never make it. You have to stop the train!

Kaylor glances down at the street. Spotting the squad cars below. Looks up at the helicopter. Blinded by the light. Half-deaf. Realizing where he is. Making himself move.

He scrambles over the roof. Like some kind of crab. Starts to climb down. He'll never make it. Not in time. A howling gale rips his face. Crawling back to Freeman now. Shouting above the roar of wind, wheels and chopper:

KAYLOR
Not enough time!

FREEMAN
I can't hear you!

KAYLOR
(screaming)
There's a bridge ahead. Do you remember it?
(Freeman does)
If we jump together, we can make it! Do you understand?

FREEMAN
Help me up!

Kaylor pulls Freeman up. Careful now. Freeman's shoulder's killing him. Fucking helicopter is driving him nuts. Car jolts sideways.

Freeman loses balance. Kaylor grabs him. Wind rips at the

two men's faces. Like phantoms in the spotlight. Noise is unbelievable. Ahead, coming up fast, is

THE METAL BRIDGE

The one Kaylor and Freeman used to jump from. When they surfed the trains. An eternity ago. Lifetimes ago. Supporting Freeman, Kaylor bellows in his ear:

KAYLOR
We jump together!

FREEMAN
Got it!

Bridge almost on them now. Kaylor loses his balance. Glancing down at the speeding squad cars. Then back at his friend. At the last moment, he leans close:

KAYLOR
You always made me laugh, Johnny!

FREEMAN
Can't hear you!

KAYLOR
I love you, man!

Freeman hears that. Before he can react, Kaylor grabs him. Hard. By the belt. Literally hurling him into the air. A tremendous feat. Way beyond the scope of ordinary men. Freeman is

AIRBORNE

Eighty feet above the street. Arms flailing. Legs pumping. Watching Kaylor disappear beneath him on the roof of the speeding train. Then Freeman hits

THE BRIDGE

really hard. Knocked senseless. Almost losing consciousness. Holding on somehow. Fighting that cloying blackness. Staring down at

KAYLOR

in the helicopter's light. Back to the wind. Legs spread. Surfing the train. Behind Kaylor, Manhattan skyline is on fire.

High rise windows flash like angry knives in freezing air. Freeman can't believe what happens next. Kaylor raises his fist in the air. Punches a hole in the goddam wind.

FREEMAN
Oh, God, David...Oh, Jesus.

Then the Garbage Train hits Dead Man's Curve. Like some Japanese Zero on a Kamikaze run. Tracks are unable to take the stress. They buckle and groan.

Steel girding shudders. Starts to collapse. Hundreds of tons of wood and iron. Toppling now. Like monolithic dominoes. Spiraling to the ground. Sounds like an atom bomb.

The last image of Kaylor, the one Freeman will never forget, is of a man smiling. Lit from above. Brightly lit. In the helicopter's spot. Fist raised high. Vanishing into a mass of twisted carnage. Crashing forever into

THE GRAVEYARD

where years before on a hot summer day, two young boys took a solemn oath and shook hands. Freeman's eyes fill with tears. Then mercifully, the blackness takes him.

DISSOLVE TO:

A TUG BOAT

sounding its horn on the East River. Two days later. Mournful sound. Water's like glass. Not a cloud in the vaulted blue. But it's bitter cold. On the river's bank

FREEMAN AND MARIA

bundled against the chill. Lean on an iron railing. Watching the boat. Freeman's arm's in a sling. Behind them, Wanda plays with the kids. Building a snowman. After a long time, Maria says:

MARIA
I think some people. It's like they don't really belong here. Maybe David was like that. Just passing through. Does that make any sense?

FREEMAN
I don't know. He just... went down. And he had this smile on his face.

MARIA
He was smiling?

FREEMAN
I keep having this goofy feeling that it was my fault. He said some pretty crazy things.
(MORE)